Racialism in the Elections

October 20, 1966 35¢

THE CONGRESS PARTY AFTER NEHRU

THE REPORTER

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Nimbus weather satellite designed by G.E. for NASA takes photos of earth day and night, transmits them to ground stations. Detailed photos permit weather men to observe weather patterns around the world, predict dangerous storms.

or defend our shores...

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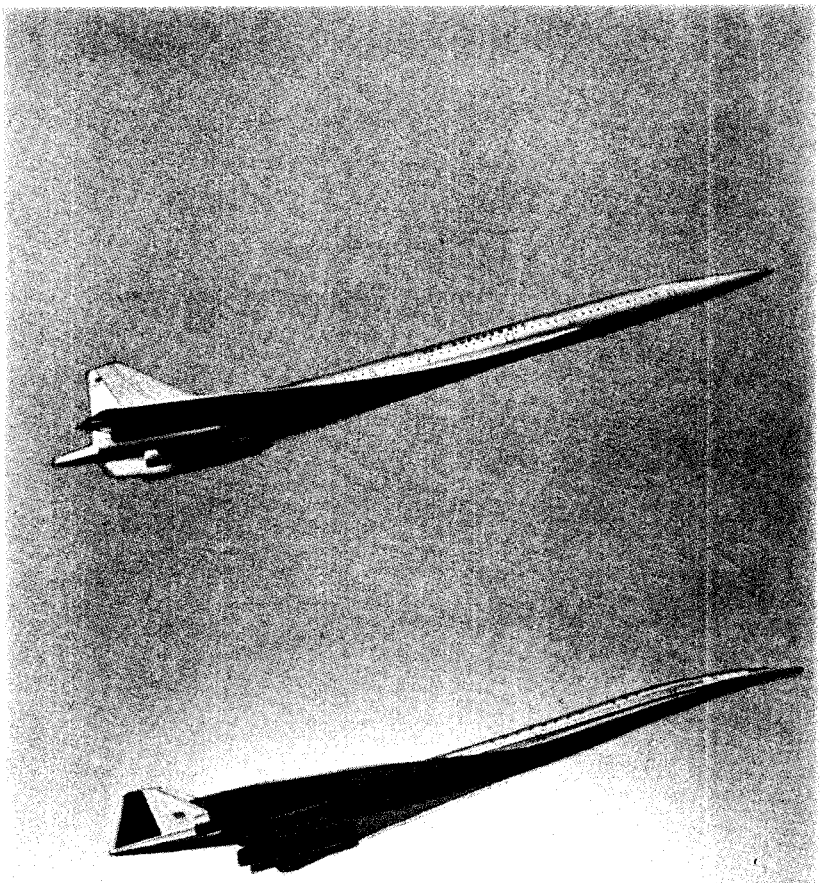
or outrace the sun?



Models show proposed designs of U.S. Supersonic Transport (SST) that will fly from Paris to New York in 3 hours. Variable-sweep Boeing above, double-delta Lockheed below. G.E. is developing world's most powerful turbojet engine for the SST.

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Dr. Mortimer J. Adler, Director of the Institute for Philosophical Research, Editor of the SYNTOPICON

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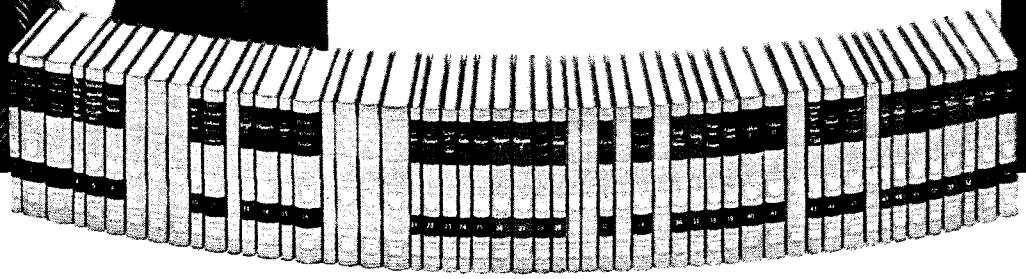

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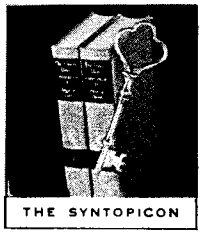

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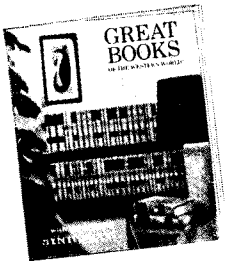

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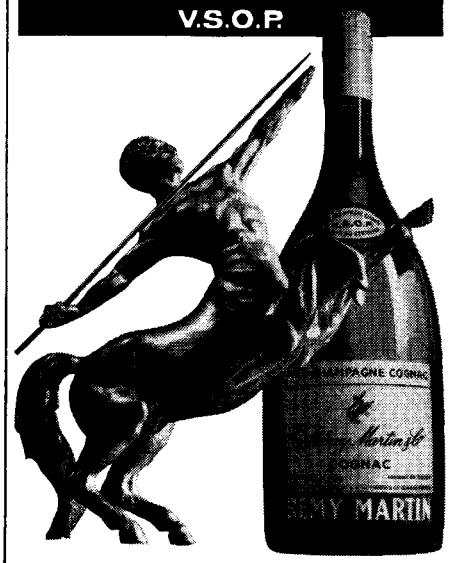

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE PRESENT CYCLE of elections has produced a result in the primary stage that seems to be a regression from the advancement of the cause of civil rights that has steadily characterized the political trend of the country over the last few years. We must say that we do not share such a pessimistic view. There are —and there will be—ups and downs, and certainly the success in the primaries of people like Jim Johnson in Arkansas and Lester Maddox in Georgia seems to point in the down direction. Yet we believe the trend aiming at the integration of our Negro fellow citizens with the rest of the community is irreversible, even if it will take a long time and hard effort to reach its ultimate fruition. In a way, these setbacks are useful, for they alert those who really care for our civil liberties. But the opposite extremes—one represented by Lester Maddox and the other by Stokely Carmichael—have no chance of long-range effectiveness because of their very absurdity. Segregation is on its way out in our country, whether imposed or self-imposed. The background of the Arkansas race between Johnson and Winthrop Rockefeller is reported by **Tom Dearmore,** co-editor of the *Baxter Bulletin* in Mountain Home, Arkansas; **Arlie Schardt,** of the Atlanta bureau of Time-Life News Service, relates the upset victory of Maddox in Georgia; and Robert A. Taft, Jr.'s, attempt to make a comeback in Ohio is described by **James A. Maxwell,** a former Cincinnati newspaperman now free-lancing.

INDIA is still awaiting the answer to the question "After Nehru, what?" While the position of his daughter, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, is not exactly precarious, she is, after nine months in office, by no means in control of the ideological catchall known as the Congress Party. **Sundar Rajan,** an assistant editor of the Bombay *Times of India,* reports that many Indians feel the time has come for the formation of new political groups. . . . **James R. Schlesinger,** the project leader of a Rand Corporation study on the character and consequences of nuclear proliferation, casts a critical eye on some of the loose statements current in public discussion of the issue and indicates the forces operating to control the spread of nuclear weapons. . . . After reading **E. J. Kahn, Jr.'s,** report on a computer's conclusion that almost anybody can make money in the stock market, some readers may take a brighter view of the present gloomy Wall Street quotations. Mr. Kahn is a staff writer on the *New Yorker.* . . . Northern Ireland is the scene of a bitter religious and political feud described by **J. H. Huizinga,** correspondent of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant* of the Netherlands.

Fernando Krahn meditates upon the season, and incidentally casts his vote against Vikings. . . . **Imre Kovacs,** well known in political and literary circles of his native Hungary, came here after the 1956 uprising and is making a new career as a writer and social scientist associated principally with Latin-American projects. . . . **A. C. Schmidt,** who lives in France, is a fugitive from cultural commercialization. . . . **Gerald Weales's** most recent book is an edition of the complete plays of William Wycherley, in the Anchor Seventeenth-Century Series. . . . **John Alexander Allen** is a faculty member at Hollins College. . . . **Edward T. Chase** is a frequent commentator on urban and economic problems. . . . **Virgilia Peterson's** most recent book is *A Matter of Life and Death* (Atheneum). . . . Translator and editor of Gide, Proust, and Camus, **Justin O'Brien** teaches at Columbia.

The drawing on our cover is by **John R. McDermott.**

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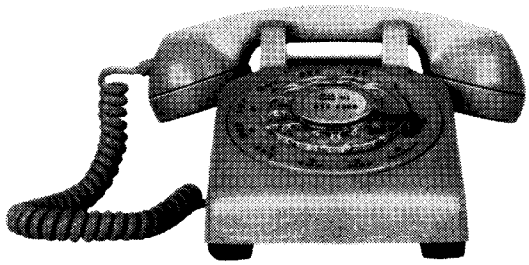

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ESTHELA RODRIGUEZ, ECUADORIAN, AGE 8. One of large family. Father peddler. Mother looks after house and children. Father earns less than $1.50 a day. Live in filthy slum in small bamboo house built over muddy water. Crowded. Unhealthy. No water. No sewage. Kitchen stove in outside shed. Two skimpy meals a day. No milk. Always hungry. Children in rags. Struggle to keep Esthela in school. Dreams of becoming a nurse. Parents sick with worry over children they cannot feed, clothe, educate. Help to Esthela means help to whole family.

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NEUTRAL OR NEUTRALIZED

To the Editor: In his editorial "The Neutrality Belt" (*The Reporter*, September 22), Max Ascoli sums up well the prospects for the free world when he states, "The danger is to be not just neutral, but neutralized." As a Romanian refugee, I am not blinded by the past excesses of Soviet imperialism. But neither am I placated by party chief Ceausescu's sweet song of Romanian independence.

It is understandable that, having had their acuity for discriminating between friend or foe blunted by Peking's and Hanoi's recent excess of belligerence, the American people have come to regard Moscow's behavior as relatively peaceful. Ironically, it is this very advantageous smoke screen that explains Russia's unwillingness to counsel peace to Ho Chi Minh. After all, prior to the Vietnam war the Berlin Wall was regarded as a major provocation, while now it is accepted almost as if it were a natural boundary. The very inflow of troops it provoked is to be reversed on account of the Vietnam war. The Mansfield resolution puts Moscow one up and the U.S. one down. One can therefore only wonder if de Gaulle's "Sihanouk-type" neutrality for Europe may not become Europe's inevitable relation to Russia in response to American abandonment.

DANIEL E. TEODORU
Jackson Heights, New York

To the Editor: The two concluding sentences of your September 8 editorial "The Prodigal Nation" are: "There are, and will long remain, people at home and abroad stubborn in not recognizing what this country is doing. About those people, the only thing that can be said is that one should feel sorry for them."

As a non-American reader, I regret deeply those words. U Thant and Fulbright and Kennan and Lippmann do not seem to agree, at present, with the Washington policies in Southeast Asia. Very many non-Americans do not "feel sorry for" these four men; instead, they admire them—especially U Thant.

JOHN S. BARR
Scone, Scotland

To the Editor: Allow me to congratulate you on "The Prodigal Nation." It feels good to think that we are that altruistic and generous, but do you really think we would have been, had we not been motivated by the domino theory and the fear it engendered?

MAUDE N. ROSS
Terrace Park, Ohio

GOOD WORK

To the Editor: I am very familiar with A. H. Raskin's fine work in reporting on matters affecting the labor movement and the economy generally. Therefore, I found his incisive comments on

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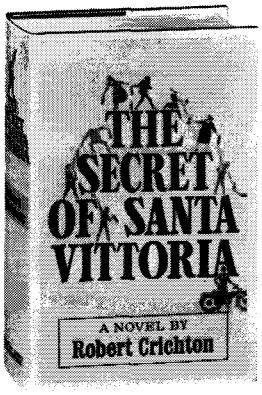

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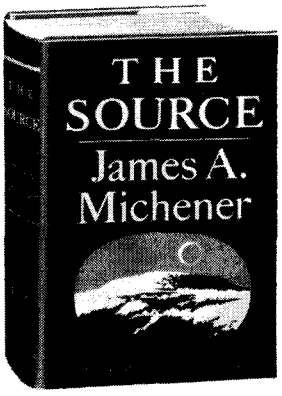

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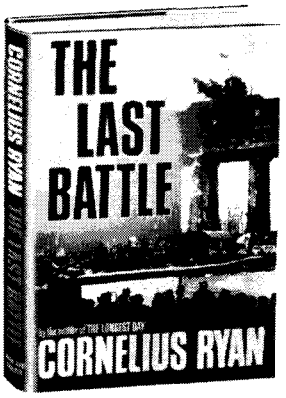

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HARRISON A. WILLIAMS, JR.
United States Senate

FOR ARTS' SAKE

To the Editor: As a member of the National Council on the Arts and, earlier, a frequent testifier before the Senate subcommittee concerning the legislation now enacted, I find nothing startling in Meg Greenfield's description of sparring personalities or hesitating performances on the art scene in Washington ("The Politics of Art," *The Reporter,* September 22). Such a situation, perhaps with different dates and different names, *mutatis mutandis,* was expected. The startling facts she barely indicates: that the problem the Humanities and Arts Councils are addressing got much worse very quickly, and that the actions of the Arts Council especially have been enterprising, sometimes imaginative, often courageous, and generally received well by professional people and the press.

I, for one, am not unhappy about the Councils' having had relatively small monies to dispense initially, for policies, procedures, staffs, and confidence had to be developed. Your readers deserve to see a complete list of the awards made thus far, to judge for themselves how many have been helped with so little.

ALBERT BUSH-BROWN
Rhode Island School of Design
Providence

WHILE THE PENDULUM SWINGS

To the Editor: Robert S. Elegant's report on Lin Piao's assumption of power and the resulting re-emphasis on manual labor plus intensified political indoctrination ("China Leaps—Where?," *The Reporter,* September 22) was the best analysis I have read anywhere of the latest developments within the Chinese "enigma wrapped in a mystery." His conclusion that this is a mere swing of the pendulum—one of a long series of foreseeable swings—seems to promise some sort of silver lining. But what will become meanwhile of those "to be discarded" who are unable to become "not only a perfect Communist but also a universal worker who combines the capacity for and the practice of intellectual labor with the capacity for and the practice of manual labor"? If human beings are as imperfect in China as everywhere else and the word "discarded" is as sinister as it sounds here, China may soon become under- rather than overpopulated.

NELSON MILLER
Baltimore

YUGOSLAV PAINTERS

To the Editor: I read with interest Alfred Werner's fine and informative article "A Village of Painters" (*The*

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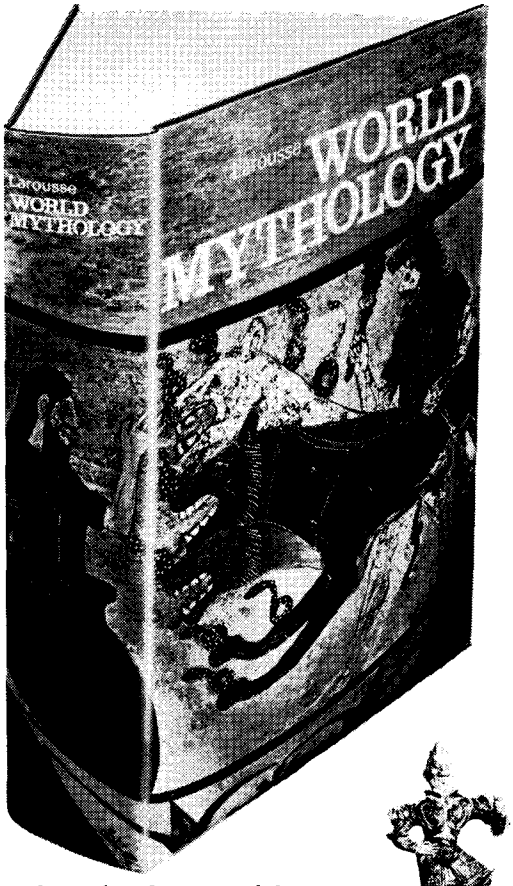

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Reporter, September 8). I am particularly pleased that an essay on Ivan Generalic, his associates and disciples has appeared in your magazine, since this group of "primitives," well known throughout Europe, is still relatively unfamiliar to Americans. We are grateful to you for having printed this article, and to its author for having undertaken the long trip to the painters' village of Hlebine and having provided the larger audience of *The Reporter* with an accurate survey. We hope that this article will stimulate the interest of one of your major museums to assemble a truly impressive show of works by this unusual group of untutored yet dedicated artists.

FRIC FRANKL
Director
Yugoslav Information Center
New York

CRIME A L'ANGLAISE

To the Editor: The article by Lawrence Malkin on "Britain's Aristocrats of Crime" (*The Reporter*, September 22) is not intended to be a piece of social criticism but in its light-handed way it gives a very good picture of one of the many ills besetting Britain at this moment. However, Malkin makes only passing reference to the recent murder of the three policemen and fails to put the blame squarely where it belongs: on the growing softness toward criminals most glaringly exemplified by the bill ending capital punishment. These elements, no longer fearing the ultimate punishment, will now, more than ever, carry deadly weapons about with them and, of course, when trapped will use them. To balance things, the police must be armed.

ROBERT O'ROURKE
York, England

To the Editor: Lawrence Malkin's article is rather heartening to a hyphenated American (Anglo-) who has stoically suffered many a cruel taunt about his native country's diminishing world influence and receding chins, its increasing debts and extravagant male hair fashions.

If there is a Stakhanovite spirit in British crime, it is clearly in the tradition of Albion's piratical past. The fact is, for a nation that has brought law to the farthest corners of the earth, Britain has a singular love of lawlessness—as long as it is daring and in the British style. America's syndicated crooks are capitalists aping the "legitimate" depredations of the financial robber barons of yestervear; Britain's bad guys are the flamboyant successors to Robin of Locksley, Drake, and the irrepressible RAF prisoners of the last war who broke out of every prison the Germans made for them. When the times are more propitious for their kind of ingenuity, this breed will no doubt again serve England in good stead.

GARETH PRINCE
San Francisco

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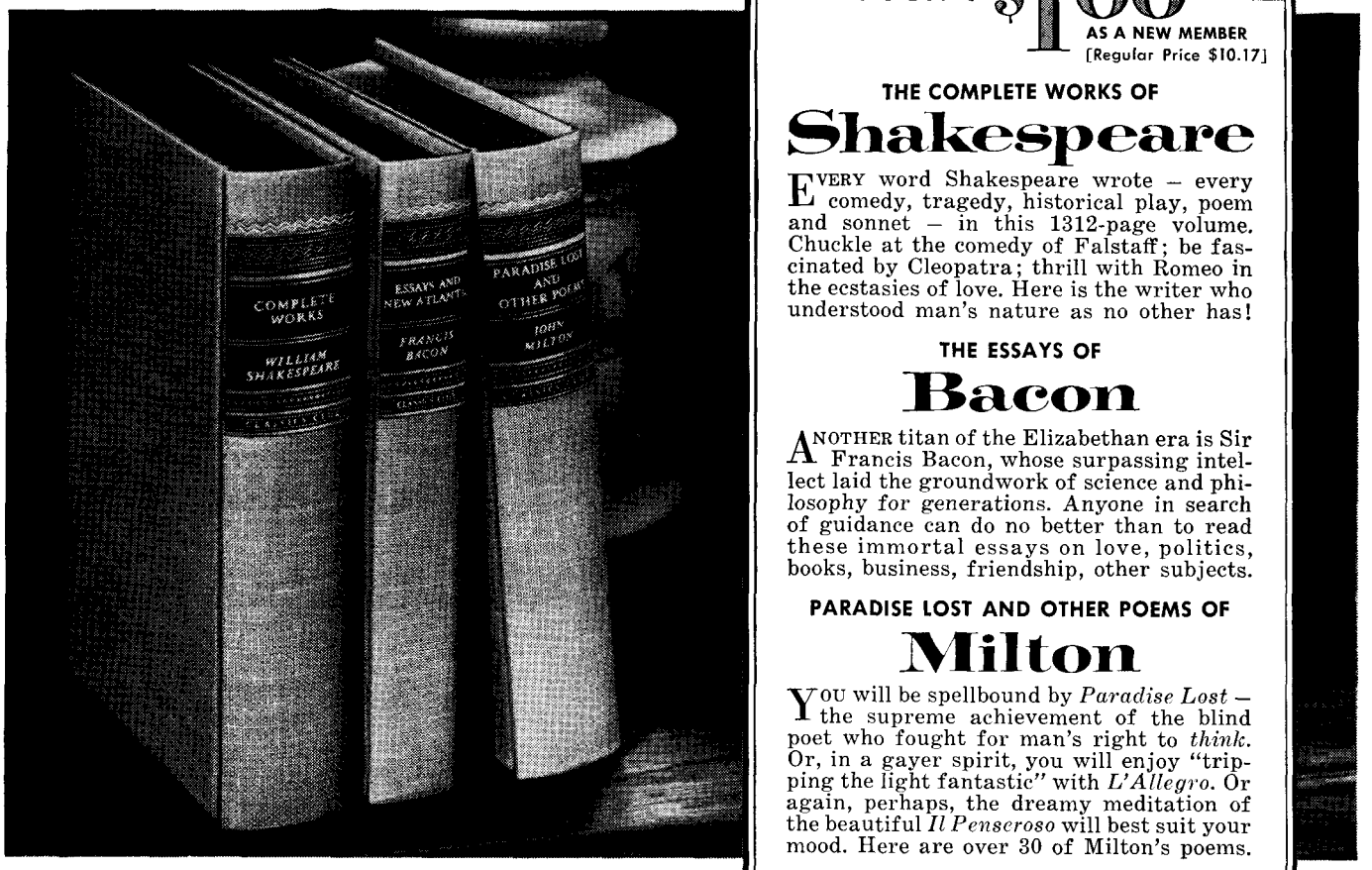

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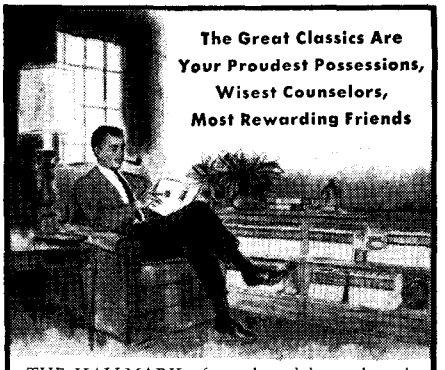

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Split Ticket

When Senator Fulbright was asked recently what he thought about a proposal being bruited about certain concentric circles that Senator Robert F. Kennedy and he run for President and Vice President in 1968, Fulbright replied that the proposal seemed "excessively idealistic" to him.

It struck us as a curious choice of words—unless, of course, the Senator was thinking of "ideal" in its simplest sense as "unreal." One of the unrealities on which the proposal is based became quite real in fact during the recent Senate flare-up over civil rights. We quote from the *Congressional Record:*

"Mr. Fulbright. . . . On this vote I have a pair with the Senator from New York [Mr. Kennedy]. If he were present and voting, he would vote 'yea.' If I were permitted to vote, I would vote 'nay.' Therefore, I withhold my vote."

A Noble Experiment

In at least four cities—Tucson, Flint, Minneapolis, and Atlanta—the schools are calling in the police, putting them on the faculty, giving them offices and access to confidential records, and setting them on the trail of confirmed or would-be delinquents. Tucson's School Resource Officer program, now in its fourth year, has just received a grant of $67,377 from the Office of Law Enforcement Assistance of the Justice Department—half the total allocated for a two-year pilot program. The object is to determine whether cops in the schools should be encouraged elsewhere; but even in advance of an evaluation of the experiment, Justice has already awarded $70,400 worth of encouragement to Minneapolis's nascent program.

Eight Tucson policemen (or, more affectionately, SROs) are parceled out this year to eight junior highs. There, more or less in co-operation with school authorities, they carry on "education, preventive, liaison, and standard juvenile officer functions." They also work in their district's elementary schools and with businessmen near the schools, who are urged to report "even minor violations and improper demeanor" of the children they serve. "It's fine to trust your kids, but every so often you should check up on them," one SRO has said. Police Chief Bernard Garmire is proud of the high quality of men he has put in the program and is convinced that it is enriching education as well as improving his department's public image.

Opposition, however, has arisen from parents, social workers, and teachers. Some parents felt that unlimited questioning was an invasion of privacy and an abridgment of the children's civil rights. One SRO pointed out that minors have no civil rights—and it is true that the courts have never clarified this point. An SRO threatened to quit if forced to question pupils only with school officials or parents present, and another said: "I don't have time to cool my heels waiting around for parents to show up." Morgan Maxwell, a Negro principal, tried to get the SRO in his school to observe these niceties; the SRO was withdrawn. "I can manage my own school," Maxwell said.

Now the American Civil Liberties Union has entered, contending that the program denies the children due process because the law restricts handling of juveniles to specially appointed court agents. A Citizens Committee also attacked it. As a result, the school administration is setting up guidelines to define the SRO's responsibilities and the Justice Department refused to approve the grant until the police agreed to notify parents before interviewing students, to make the questioning voluntary, and to conduct the in-

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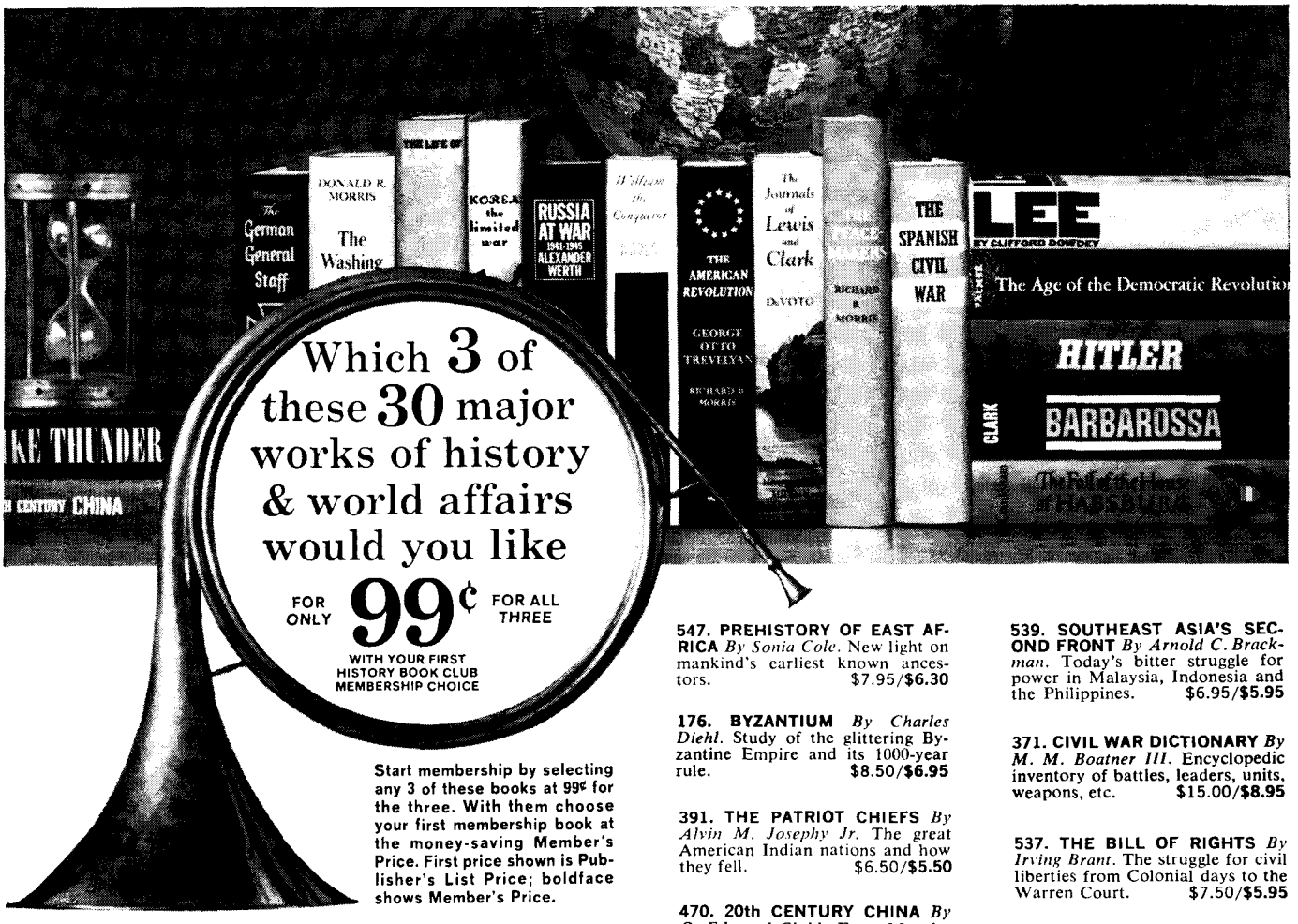

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"We are battling over semantics," Senator John O. Pastore (D., Rhode Island) told his colleagues during the recent debate on desegregation guidelines promulgated by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Pastore's point was well taken; so confused had the debate become by then, and so rattled the legislators themselves, that Pastore had been commending John Stennis (D., Mississippi) for modifying some legislative language to meet the liberals' complaints—when in fact Stennis had done just the opposite.

The guidelines (which have been criticized by many for their alleged leniency) are little more than HEW's own description of how it intends to measure compliance with Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Title VI directs that funds be withheld from institutions that are racially segregated, and the guidelines set forth what a school or hospital must do to prove that it has at least begun the process of desegregating.

The current trouble began when the Senate Appropriations Committee ratified a House cut in HEW's budget for civil-rights staff and activities, issued a report questioning the legality of HEW's published guidelines, and included in the appropriations bill a section saying that HEW was not to compel racial mixing in hospital rooms if the chief medical officer and a doctor certified that a patient's health might be adversely affected.

The last of these points was known to be fairly low on HEW's list of priorities; the department tended to set far greater store by evidence that separate wings were being abolished, staffs were being desegregated, and so on, since it had no illusions about summarily integrating Southern hospital wards. Indeed, one of its own published directives said that such integration need not be forced if a patient's health was at stake.

When the appropriations bill with its hospital caveat first emerged from committee, HEW officials were thus not of a single mind about how

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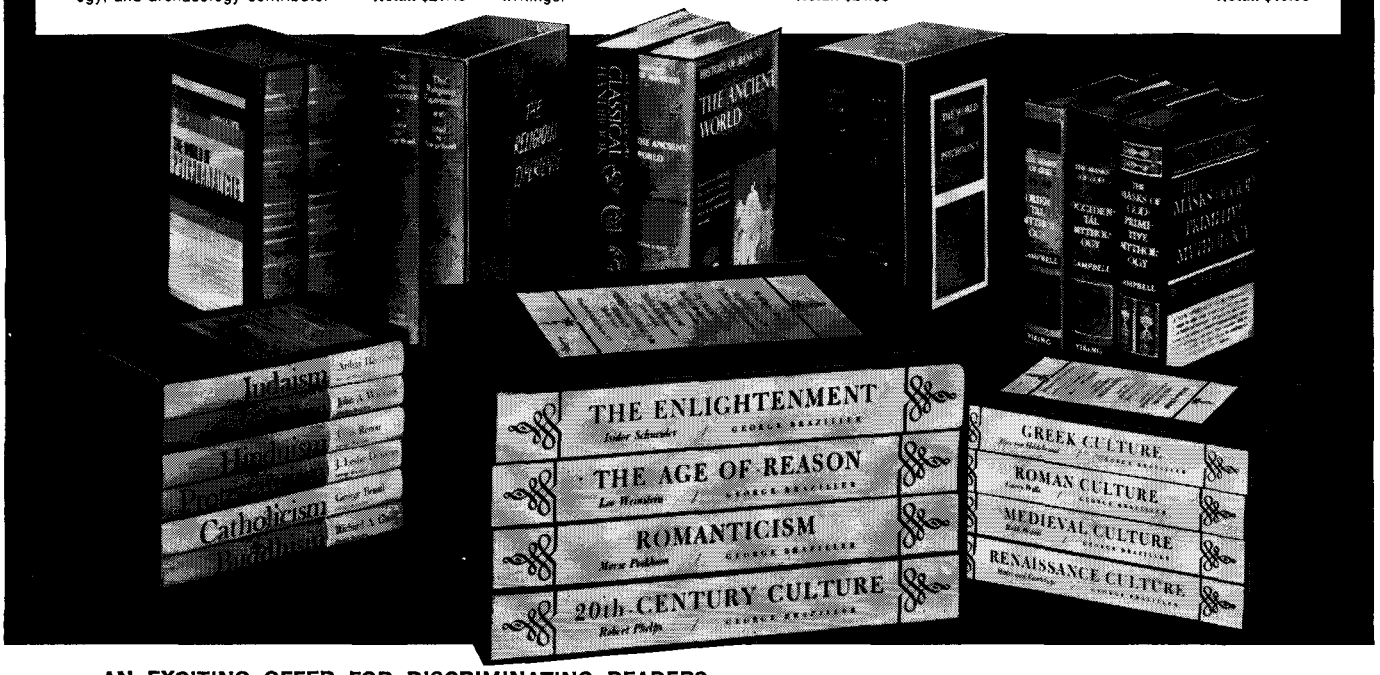

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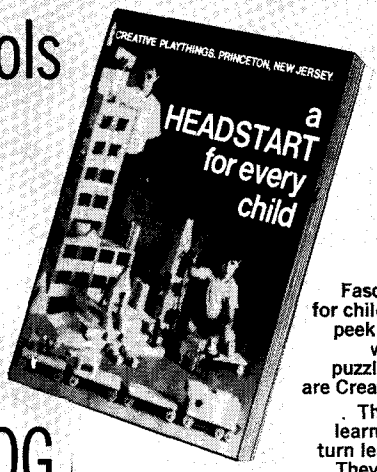

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to handle it. Some thought it should be ignored as a way of indicating its redundancy; others thought opposition was in order. The situation was similar on the Senate floor. Jacob K. Javits (R., New York), having failed to get the budget and staff cuts restored, was working with several other Senators on strategy for dealing with the section on hospital wards when Stennis introduced his own "compromise."

Scrutiny of its language disclosed a loophole through which, as Joseph S. Clark (D., Pennsylvania) put it, a Mack truck could be driven. It made wholesale evasion of HEW's guidelines on room integration legally possible through medical certification; more important, it denied HEW the power to question a hospital's action certified by the physicians even though a pattern of segregation seemed evident. Eventually, Clark voted for the measure on the ground that in the course of debate Stennis had indicated that his intent was not to change HEW's present regulations. Other Northern Democrats went along with the idea that a vote for the Stennis amendment was a demonstration of its meaninglessness, but they took a lot of curious rhetorical twists and turns along the way.

In a perplexing series of explanatory statements, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, who opposed restoration of HEW's money, let it be known that he felt that HEW was going too fast on hospital desegregation, that HEW must make a distinction between actions against segregation and for integration, and that the Stennis amendment dealt only with "an occasional patient." It was not meant to prevent HEW from taking "corrective action" if it perceived widespread abuse, he said. The last of these clarifications, given as an expression of legislative intent the day after the amendment passed, is said to have caused Stennis particular pain.

It is difficult to recall a subject that has inspired more verbal confusion, both real and disingenuous, than HEW's guidelines. The Southerners have gone so far as to enter into the *Congressional Record* phony "quotations" from Education Commissioner Harold Howe II

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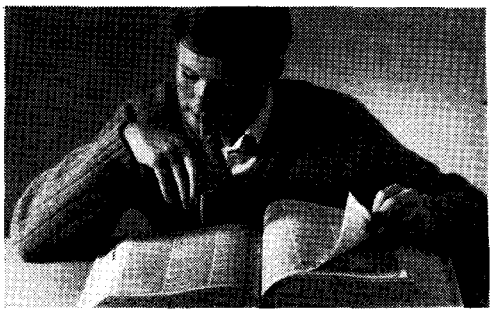

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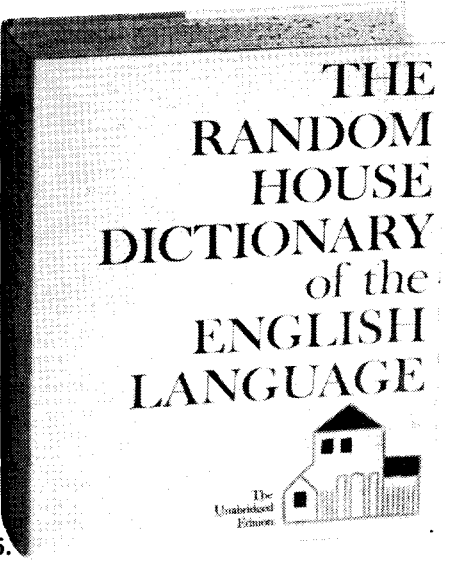

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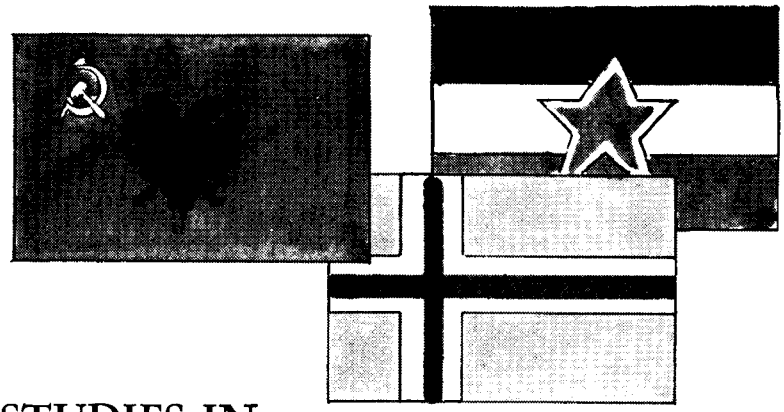

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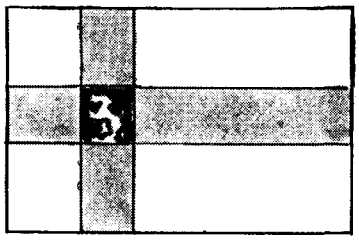

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in proof of HEW'S evil designs, and Northerners on the Hill have found a good deal of political convenience just now in the smoke screen of baffling rhetoric. There is no question that a backlash has been felt and responded to, or that the various elements that once composed the civil-rights coalition in Washington have ceased to trust one another. For all the talk about how the Senate killed the civil rights bill of 1966, it is hard to find many people in the capital who ever thought it had a reasonable chance of passage. Some blame the administration for including an open-occupancy housing section that was certain to doom the bill. Others dwell on the hypocrisy of some Northern Democrats who were glad to see the whole thing junked.

No matter how you look at it, this has not been a particularly brilliant year for the civil-rights movement in or out of Washington, and it seems a pity that in one area where Washington was proceeding with wisely measured determination, Congress went on record in a fashion that may give hope to those seeking to reverse past gains in the South and to evade legislation already on the books. "Last week," as Senator Allen J. Ellender (D., Louisiana) proudly put it in a broadcast to his constituents, "coming on the heels of the defeat of the proposed civil rights bill of 1966, we of the South scored another major victory."

The Great Turning Point

The November 8 Congressional elections are a hodgepodge of local contests; taken collectively, they are supposed to have national significance. Although President Johnson is not a candidate, the outcome of the elections for the House and Senate will be interpreted as though a nationwide referendum had been conducted on his administration. But consider the following "laws" of American elections:

▶ More than ten million voters who cast ballots in the Presidential election of 1964 probably will not show up at the polls this time. Many are Democrats who, for a variety of political and social

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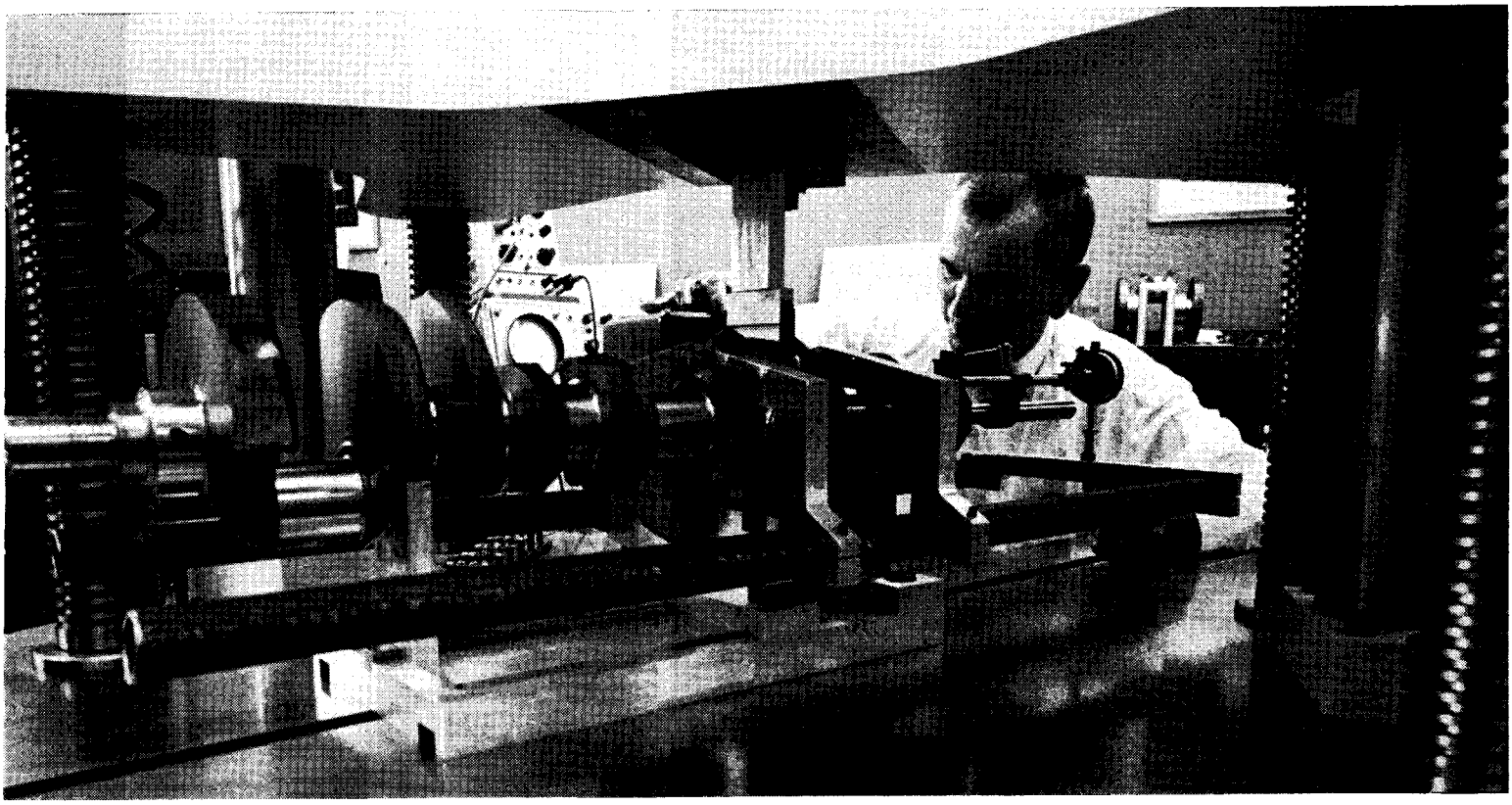

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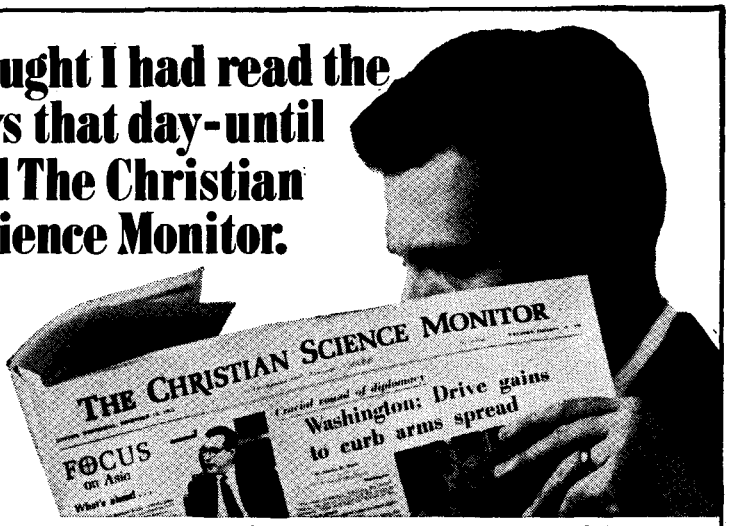
I thought I had read the news that day-until I read The Christian Science Monitor.



When I finished reading my local newspaper that evening and turned to the Monitor, what a surprise I got!

You see, I had never read the Monitor before, although I'd certainly heard of its reputation. I knew that no paper in the world was more respected. Now that I think back, I believe that is probably what scared me off. I think I felt the Monitor might be kind of stuffy and high-brow and hard to read.

But that evening I felt like reading an extra newspaper to help keep me company while my wife was out shopping and picked up a copy on the way home from work.

I'm thankful I did. Because the Monitor showed me I hadn't read *half* of the news that day. And the part I *had* read was probably the less interesting part!

It was almost hard to believe that the Monitor wasn't talking about some other day, perhaps in the future!

Here was a late story on new tensions in Africa. And new word on the Chinese-Russian split. And a story on the Republicans' secret plans for the next Presidential election — why had I missed that one before? And here in the sports section was a witty story on major league spring training.

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And my wife also likes the way it deals with fashions and entertainment.

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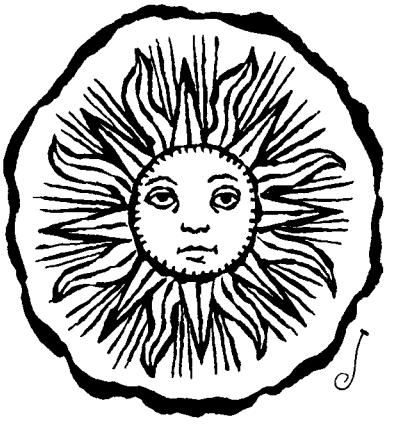
reasons not related to any dissatisfaction with the Democratic administration, will not turn out.

▶ The odds favor the re-election of incumbent Congressmen, both Democratic and Republican. In the past four Congressional elections, ninety-one per cent of the Representatives and eighty-four per cent of the Senators were returned to Washington. This high return rate should work to re-elect many of the forty-seven Democrats who captured Republican House seats in 1964 with the help of President Johnson's sweep, and who have supplied the margin of votes he needed on many Great Society measures. If past odds hold, this group stands a better than eighty per cent chance.

▶ In midterm Congressional elections since 1854 (except for 1902 and 1934), the party holding the Presidency has lost an average of thirty-six House seats and four Senate seats. Losses in the House have ranged from two seats in 1866 to 116 in 1894. The largest Senate shift for the period occurred in 1958, when thirteen Republicans were defeated. President Kennedy could claim a major midterm victory in 1962 because the Democrats lost only four House seats while gaining four Senators.

It is against these figures that the extent of President Johnson's "victory" or "defeat" should be judged on November 9. Call it a defeat if the G.O.P. gains forty-five Representatives and seven Senators. Call it a standoff if the Republicans gain thirty-six House seats and four in the Senate. But it will be a victory if Republican gains are less than that.



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RACIALISM IN THE ELECTIONS

Arkansas: The Rage of the Rednecks

TOM DEARMORE

LITTLE ROCK

IT WAS AWKWARD, to say the least. The Arkansas Democratic Party was convened to hear the farewell speech of six-term Governor Orval E. Faubus and the acceptance speech of Jim Johnson, the man who had won the Democratic gubernatorial primary elections on a campaign of opposition to almost everything and everybody Democratic, including Faubus.

The governor, who had chosen not to run for a seventh term, spoke first at the mid-September meeting here. He recounted his administration's achievements and gave assurances of his party loyalty. He jabbed at the Republicans and the newspapers, told a few homespun yarns, and read a poem. But he uttered no syllables of praise for his would-be heir, the strongest segregationist and most furious anti-Federal government candidate the Arkansas Democrats have had since Reconstruction.

Delegates still hoping for a show of unity listened expectantly to Johnson's speech the next day. Looking over the crowd, Johnson said he saw many who had helped spread rumors about him during the primary, adding, "I want you to know I'm a forgiving soul." That was almost what the delegates wanted to hear. But Johnson was not finished. Attacking those "who seek party unity at all costs," he declared: "Any desire I may have for harmony will not be at the expense of the confidence placed in me by the voters." He then proceeded to heap ultraconservative invective on President Johnson and the wayward Democrats in the White House; on Winthrop Rockefeller, that "prissy sissy" who is the Republican gubernatorial candidate; and on the *Arkansas Gazette,* coddler of "Communist agitation in America." There are some things a man just cannot forgive.

After the speech, one of Jim Johnson's devotees said: "He could be Vice President on a ticket with George Wallace if he wins this." But Johnson has not won it yet, and many observers believe that the victory will go to Rockefeller, the urbane and tireless Republican who received forty-three per cent of the votes in the 1964 gubernatorial election. With the Democratic leadership split badly, Rockefeller grows more confident daily. "We will not only have a victory on November 8," he says, "we will have a mandate." Faubus says only that the race is close, and many Democrats believe he has been stung so painfully by Johnson that in private he would welcome a Rockefeller victory. The governor blames the white backlash and swelling opposition to the national administration for Jim Johnson's emergence—not disaffection with the Faubus administration. There is some truth in that analysis, but it does not explain why the Faubus old guard, including the segregationist attorney general, Bruce Bennett, was turned out en masse by the voters.

Faubus Out-Faubused

When the results of the Democratic runoff primary were tallied in August, there was deep melancholy among both the Faubus forces and the liberals and moderates who had tried so long to displace Faubus. It seemed that Arkansas might be entering its redneck era seventy-five years behind the rest of the South.

It is true that Faubus introduced racial demagoguery and rage against Federalism into this border state between the South and the West, but he was not initally elected as

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an extremist haranguer. He grew into the role after almost two terms in office, in an attempt to break the state's anti-third-term tradition; the sending of Federal troops to Arkansas to deal with the 1957 desegregation crisis caused a polarization of opinion that assured him four more two-year terms. In recent years he has sought Negro votes, won over some Negro leaders, and made frequent trips to Washington in search of more millions for Arkansas projects. The infant Ozarka Regional Development Program, which could resurrect about half the state through Federal financing, has been his main concern.

JAMES D. JOHNSON, who is forty-two and the son of a rural south Arkansas merchant, is out of another mold. When he assures his followers that he is "the same Jim Johnson" that he was ten years ago, they remember that he was director of the Arkansas Citizens Councils and spoke across the state during the desegregation crisis on behalf of a school-closing Constitutional amendment that was beaten three to one by the voters. Two years ago, as a state Supreme Court justice, he bolted the Democratic Party to campaign on television for Barry Goldwater, and today he disclaims any loyalty to or affiliation with "that Democratic Socialist Party" in Washington. (He speaks the words in a rage that no one denies is sincere.)

When he resigned from the bench last spring to file for governor, most observers considered his candidacy a joke. The extremist brand was indelibly upon him, and the trend, as exemplified by Faubus, had been away from extremism. Furthermore, Faubus had swamped Johnson in the 1956 governor's race. Prior to the July preferential primary, liberal and moderate newspapers did not take Johnson seriously enough to attack him; the *Gazette* merely noted as an afterthought that he was "making his usual wild pronouncements."

But on July 26 he led the seven-man ticket and went into a runoff with an easygoing and ineloquent moderate, J. Frank Holt, who had also resigned a Supreme Court judgeship to make the race. The third and fourth runners were former Congressman Brooks Hays and Dr. Dale Alford, a Little Rock ophthalmologist who had served a single term in Congress after defeating Hays on a segregationist platform in 1958. Hays and Alford forgot their differences and rallied behind Holt, who was rumored to be the candidate of the Faubus administration but who received no direct help from the governor. All the significant leadership of the state went to Holt's aid—and to defeat. Johnson won by fifteen thousand votes, receiving 51.8 per cent of the total.

The Johnson Recipe

How did Johnson, whose grammar is unpolished and who had the backing of no politician, organization, or business interest of consequence, manage to overthrow the powerful Faubus machine and its major opponents with one good shove and to estrange the state Democratic Party from the national party? Mainly by an evangelical appeal to everyone who was against anything, and by wholesale name-calling. Hays was a "quisling" and "LBJ's court jester," Holt was "a pleasant vegetable," Dr. Alford was "the specks peddler." All were labeled robots of the Faubus machine, and Hays, a former White House aide, was charged with helping to write "the most vicious section" of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Johnson's approach was an appeal to the latent distrust of "outsiders" and to the fear of ungodly, un-American, immoral forces that have been working

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insidiously and with much success to capture the government and undo the South, the last bulwark of old-time religious faith, loyalty to the Constitution, and belief in segregation.

Denying that he is a racist (he says he is just a segregationist), Johnson repeatedly points to a decision he wrote that reversed a lower court's conviction of a Negro. But he declined to campaign "amongst the colored community," which includes more than 100,000 voters, and has not shunned the support of the Citizens Councils or the Ku Klux Klan.

His delivery is full of burning intensity and has none of the cajoling humor that is traditional in Southern politicians. His eyes narrowing as he goes on, he enumerates the evils that beset the country. Sometimes he seems to be ordering, not asking, his audiences: "I don't owe you anything. You owe yourself the courage to stand for freedom. Don't you make me carry this cross alone. I'm standing up for Arkansas. I'm standing up for America, and when this fight's over you will join me."

Much of his invective has been directed at President Johnson, who during the primary sometimes seemed to be his major opponent. His speeches usually include a denial of "the vicious rumor" that he is related to Lyndon, and he paints Washington like Sodom: "When I look on the national scene, and I see drunk men at the head of the government, and I see high-placed preachers on the President's staff dancing vulgar dances until three o'clock in the morning while our boys are fighting and dying in the jungles of Vietnam, I cringe, I tell you. If that's the Great Society, I want no part of it."

THE SPEECHES of Jim Johnson are laced with quotations from the Bible and references to God. As governor, he says, he would defy the U.S. Supreme Court decree against prescribed prayer in the public schools. "We're going to pray in our schools in this state," he shouted in one small town, "and I don't believe Lyndon Johnson would have the guts to send troops down here and try to keep us from it." His treatment of this issue did not sit well with members of the Washburn Presbytery, who passed a resolution at a recent meeting in Fort Smith that protested "the misuse of Christian language and the abuse of the Christian faith during the current political campaign." The Presbyterians did not mention Johnson by name but went on to say that Christians should never "encourage prejudice and discrimination."

Passage by Congress of civil-rights laws, Johnson admits, has "breathed some validity" into the "illegal decisions" of the Supreme Court, but he has pledged that "if it be the Lord's will for Jim Johnson to serve as your governor, the forces of the State of Arkansas will never be used to enforce and to impose those iniquitous laws upon our people."

His pitch is to the poor folks, and as he damns Federal handouts they seem unmindful that the state has been receiving from the Federal government about twice the amount it pays in Federal taxes. They should not crawl to some Federal administrator whose name they can't even pronounce, Johnson tells them, and they should demand a halt to the "foreign-aid giveaway to every Hottentot country in the world." Arkansans must tell Washington that they are tired "of the policy that says that any wench that wants to have an illegitimate child can get on your tax rolls." Riots in the cities, "that no-win war policy in Vietnam," Federal school-desegragation guidelines, and the President's proposals for open housing and minority representation on juries have been objects of his attacks.

"Stand up for Arkansas," Jim Johnson keeps repeating. "Make our star shine brighter." And his state platform, unexpectedly, includes "a frontal attack on poverty," a thousand-dollar salary increase for teachers, and sweeping administrative reforms, as well as the rooting out of the twelve-year-old Faubus administration, which Johnson says has raised taxes fantastically, wasted money, and been the tool of greedy special interests. Johnson promises to attempt to raise grants for persons on welfare by about $25 a month. He also pledges that his "first order of business" would be a "substantial tax reduction," although he does not know yet which taxes would be reduced. Leading educators are unimpressed with his school platform because he opposes consolidation of the superabundant small rural districts (a reason for much of his strength in rural precincts). Also, they fear that he will follow Alabama Governor Wallace's example in refusing to heed desegregation guidelines and the result will be a cutoff of Federal aid.

Enter Justice Jim

Johnson started his political career as a fairly liberal state senator in the early 1950's, introducing some reform legislation. But after the Supreme Court's school-desegregation decision in 1954, he became the state's most vocal segregationist leader. In 1958, two years after his defeat by Faubus, he won a state Supreme Court seat by edging out an aging and ailing justice. The judicial robe, which he wears in his campaign pictures (on posters that call him "Justice Jim"), probably gave him the aura he needed for a comeback this year.

Some believe that he won the gubernatorial nomination by sheer physical prowess. The six other primary candidates, convinced that

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a more sophisticated electorate no longer wanted to see the candidate in person or hear him shout from courthouse steps, chose to rely mainly on television. On election night they regretted it. Johnson visited all seventy-five counties, shook thousands of hands (avoiding the Negroes, however), and drew crowds with a country band that offered gospel songs and a guitar rendition of "Dixie."

Johnson also has had the help of his attractive and voluble wife, Virginia. Since his oratory loses impact when it is throttled down for television and her English is better than his, she has often replaced him on TV and even on the platform. She earnestly tells mothers that he will allow their children to pray in schoolrooms, will stand up for patriotism and the Christian faith, and will fight Federal domination and socialism. A newspaper reported that she mentioned God forty-seven times in a thirty-minute Labor Day speech. "We can make a god of government or we can make a government of God," she says.

"WHEN we have rid the state of parasites," Justice Jim promises, "we can move forward, resolute and unafraid, toward a brighter and more glorious tomorrow." In those words are some of the seeds of the Democratic disunity. Almost twenty thousand state employees and board members serving under Faubus are wondering if they are among the "parasites," and Johnson is saying nothing to reassure them. More discord arises from another Johnson promise: that the state "will have peace and harmony because we will provide abundance and security for the deserving and will tolerate no interference from outside agitators and well-paid agents of discord." Thousands of Democrats who believe that Faubus has a commendable record in promoting economic progress are offended by this, and many fear that racial "discord" and "interference" would almost certainly follow Johnson's inauguration. "Martin Luther King would make a beeline for the state, just to test him out," one businessman said.

Smarting under Johnson's attacks on his administration a month before the Democratic runoff, Faubus said: "If the Democrats keep slinging things at each other, the nomination won't be worth much before long." Johnson has done little to heal the wounds he opened in the primary, and any appeal for unity sounds strange from him in view of his 1964 defection to Goldwater. (The first major event he attended after the primary was a barbecue given by the former state chairman of the Draft Goldwater for President Movement.) The great mollification was to have taken place at the Democratic convention; the results, of course, were hardly satisfactory.

But the convention did reveal the nature of the attacks that Rockefeller now is contending with. Johnson in his first sentence referred to "the Madison Avenue cowboy" and later said Rockefeller wants "to become King Winthrop the First" and institute in Arkansas a monarchy wherein leaders are chosen "by the accident of birth." Rockefeller's outside origin and his wealth held Johnson's attention. "The moment the doctor spanked his behind and he breathed his first breath, he was worth two hundred million dollars," Johnson said. He also charged that Rockefeller, as chairman of the Arkansas Industrial Development Commission, had used the agency's confidential information to buy land at low prices for housing developments where new industries were to be located and before communities knew about the incoming plants. There had been rumors that Johnson's health was not good because he had lost forty pounds during the primary race, but he assured the delegates, "I still have the strength to bulldog the Santa Gertrudis steer in November." (Rockefeller raises Santa Gertrudises at his big ranch atop Petit Jean Mountain.)

Rockefeller Revamps

Rockefeller has put together a much larger and more competent organization than he had two years ago, employing some seasoned Democratic strategists and attracting others as volunteers. Observers were astounded in September when Jack Pickens, a prominent Faubus Democrat who heads a large construction firm here, became Rockefeller's central Arkansas finance chairman. Other Faubus men followed, includ-

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ing Robert E. Lee Wilson III, who owns a plantation—the state's largest—in the delta country near the Mississippi. He became co-chairman of Democrats for Rockefeller.

In eight years Rockefeller has fashioned a state Republican Party that is unique in the South, suppressing racism and stressing reform, moderation, economic development through industrialization, and the virtues of the two-party system. The G.O.P. has lost Goldwaterites to Jim Johnson but has attracted thousands of young people who are devoted campaigners for Rockefeller. His strength is in his reputation as a benefactor and as the man who can bring more industry to Arkansas than anyone else. His polls show that this reputation is established firmly in the public mind, despite the efforts of Faubus and other Democratic politicians to change it after Rockefeller resigned two years ago as chairman of the Industrial Development Commission. He was the first head of that tax-supported agency (a Faubus appointee), and during the eight years of his chairmanship more than six hundred new plants were secured, more than ninety thousand manufacturing jobs were added, and Arkansas moved to first position in the South in the creation of new jobs per capita. Contrary to what Faubus has been claiming, Rockefeller says, industrial growth has slowed in the past two years. He warns that a renewal of conflict over integration would scare away "the sophisticated industries we need."

ROCKEFELLER has employed experts to draw up a massive plan in several volumes for Statehouse streamlining and economic expansion. He is much more of a politician than he was in 1964, even entering the Capitol to solicit the votes of Faubus's office staff and other state employees. Under Faubus, more than ten thousand persons have been added to the state payroll, and Rockefeller realizes that they and their relatives could tip the election. "They have no reason to fear the administration of Win Rockefeller," he has said, although he intends to replace some higher-ups in the agencies. He undoubtedly will receive the votes of many state workers, who are terrified at Johnson's pledge of a cleanout and his vivid statement in May to newsmen: "When some of them are pulled loose from that big teat down at Little Rock, it will sound like one of those jet planes breaking the sound barrier."

Educational and prison reforms are high on Rockefeller's priority list. He proposes increasing teachers' salaries by $500 each year until the national average is attained (the state ranks forty-seventh in this area) and points out that fifty thousand children are attending substandard schools. High-school valedictorians are entitled to scholarships at state colleges, but he says that twenty per cent of those who take the scholarships lose them before the end of their freshman year because of academic inability. Outraged because the whip is still used at the state penal farm to expedite crop production, he says that "a prison system in a civilized world is an institution for rehabilitation" and promises "to call immediately for reforms."

Answering Johnson's exhortations on the prayer issue, Reckefeller says: "I was raised in schools with school prayers and I still believe in it. . . . You can still have prayers in public schools, depending on what type and who is saying them." But he does not attack the Supreme Court or attempt to defend prescribed prayers, and this could prove a political liability in the fundamentalist environment of Arkansas.

While Rockefeller is to the left of most Republican leaders in the South, he is to the right of his brother Nelson, the governor of New York. "We are both individuals," he says. Winthrop opposes Federal guidelines for school desegregation because "they are totally illegal" but proposes challenging them in the courts rather than following Alabama's example of defiance through legislative action. Also, he notes that he voiced opposition to the 1964 Civil Rights Act, "not because it was morally wrong" but because it gave the Federal executive excessive power; "these guidelines have proved that," he adds. However, he asserts that "open, public defiance is absolutely intolerable."

Some farm folks have driven fifty miles "just to see a Rockefeller," but when they hear him, they sometimes are put off by what probably is his chief impediment: an inability to pick up the Arkansas way of talking. A supporter in a hill county that Rockefeller narrowly lost to Faubus in 1964 sadly recalled the candidate's speech on the courthouse steps: "He started by saying, 'My friends, I cawn't tell you how glad I am to be here.' Well, you just cain't say 'I cawn't' and expect to carry Stone County."

JOHNSON's managers are worried by the defection of many lifetime Democrats. Among the vocally disgusted is Oscar Fendler of Blytheville, former president of the Arkansas Bar Association and a party committeeman for almost twenty years. He sent word to the state convention that he had never voted for a Republican but "I shall not vote for Jim Johnson" because he "campaigns on a platform of hate and bigotry." Johnson charged in reply, without mentioning Fendler by name, that his detractor was once a member of "the Civil Rights Commission." Fendler denied that he had served on any such commission but said that he had once attended a White House meeting on civil rights at the request of President Kennedy and had advised the President against rights legislation. He lives in Mississippi County, heart of the anti-integration delta, but he said that "Rockefeller would carry the county two-to-one" if the election "were held here today." He added: "When the people of the state realize that Johnson is a menace to the progress of Arkansas, I think they'll dump him pretty fast."

Farther down the delta at Trumann, school superintendent Jeff D. McGehee, a former Faubus Democrat, is now a vigorous organizer for Rockefeller. He says "the only choice is to cast our ballots for a true Jeffersonian Democrat who is running on the Republican ticket by the name of Winthrop Rockefeller."

To become the first Republican governor Arkansas has elected since 1872, Rockefeller may have to work a few miracles. But then he has never been one to say "I cain't."

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Georgia: Lester Maddox And the Mad Democrats

ARLIE SCHARDT

ATLANTA

Poor Lester Maddox, the experts were saying only a few weeks ago; he lost elections twice for mayor of Atlanta and once for lieutenant governor of Georgia, and all he knows is that the Negroes are taking over the world and it's up to him to stop them. Certainly, they said, the segregationist vote wasn't big enough for him to win the six-man Democratic gubernatorial primary held early in September. This unexciting event was enlivened only at the end, when Maddox dashed out of a Macon hotel room to announce that his life had been threatened and that he had been offered a $100,000 bribe to drop out of the race by a rival segregationist candidate. (He has since appointed the accused, James Gray, to the post of State Democratic Chairman.) Even when Maddox finished second in the primary and earned a runoff with Ellis Arnall, the experts were almost united in predicting victory for the former governor, who had compiled an outstanding record in the Statehouse from 1943 to 1947. They figured Maddox had collected most of the segregationist vote in the primary and that little remained to pick up in the runoff. There was one factor, however, that the forecasters overlooked—how many Republican voters, having no primary of their own, would cast ballots in the Democratic primary.

When Maddox won with 430,000 votes to 360,000 for Arnall, Democrats surveying the damage figured that as many as 100,000 Republicans had voted for the inexperienced Maddox on the theory that he would give their own candidate, Congressman Howard H. "Bo" Callaway, who bolted from the Democrats in 1964 to join the Goldwater bandwagon, an easier race in November. If their calculations are accurate, Democratic voters had favored Arnall by a margin of thirty thousand. Callaway denied any personal participation in the Republican effort to eliminate Arnall, and there is no evidence to contradict him. Many lesser G.O.P. officials, however, made no attempt to deny a role. The clearest measure of the Republican invasion was the discrepancy between the gubernatorial totals and the totals in the other state-wide runoff, for lieutenant governor. Here again, the Republicans were offering no candidate in November and there was a clear-cut choice in the Democratic primary between an extremist and a moderate. Yet in this case the moderate, George T. Smith, defeated his opponent, incumbent Lieutenant Governor Peter Zack Geer, by 85,000 votes. The contrast in the outcome of the two races was most pronounced in rural and small-town areas where the G.O.P. is best organized.

The Maddox victory was a crushing blow to the large and growing number of Georgians who had spent years wresting the state Democratic Party from the hands of the segregationists. These moderates had led the fight that finally brought down Georgia's county-unit system, by which men were elected on the basis of the number of counties they won rather than the size of their popular vote. The system had denied a fair voice to the cities, where most moderates and a growing number of Negroes live; and its demise, along with the advent of reapportionment, gave promise of bright days ahead. Georgia moderates also were heartened in 1964 when Goldwater pulled thousands of segregationists into the Republican Party (Senator Richard Russell called them "Mad Democrats"). In early September, when the two moderate candidates in the Democratic gubernatorial primary polled a larger combined vote than the four conservatives, it seemed likely that there were now more moderates than conservatives in the party. It at least appeared to be losing its parochial character and approaching consensus with the national party.

The Maddox upset has thrown all this into chaos, turning the party machinery back to the old-timers and leaving Negroes and white moderates out in the cold. "The Democratic Party is dead," one young liberal member of the legislature told me ruefully. And, at least for the present, the Maddox victory puts Georgia back with those of its "no-party" neighboring states where the Democratic Party is controlled by elements utterly hostile to the national leadership and the Republican Party consists mainly of Mad Democrats.

For those who had tried to help the Georgia Democratic Party close ranks with the national organization, the setback was particularly painful. Congressman Charles L. Weltner of Atlanta—who had voted for the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and survived to win another election—resigned the Democratic nomination for a third term in Congress rather than support the Maddox ticket. Mayor Ivan Allen, Jr., of Atlanta said: "It is deplorable that the combined forces of ignorance, prejudice, reactionism, and the duplicity of many Republican voters have thrust upon the state of Georgia Lester Maddox, a totally unqualified individual, as the Democratic nominee for governor. For the past quarter-century our state has

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been outstanding in our region as the advocate of sanity and reason, and as the champion of progress. The seal of the great state of Georgia lies tarnished." He warned that moderation "must not be surrendered to the rabble of prejudice, extremism, buffoonery, and incompetency."

In using these words Allen portrayed the Lester Maddox best known to the nation—the man who closed his fried-chicken restaurant, the Pickrick in Atlanta, rather than obey a Federal court order to serve Negroes. After passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, Maddox chased Negroes approaching the Pickrick away with a pistol and called on his customers to wield the ax handles he had kept on hand for this emergency. "I'll use ax handles, I'll use guns, I'll use paint, I'll use my fists, I'll use anything I can get my hands on. This is my property," said Maddox, his face red with anger.

In early September, it had seemed good strategy to many Republicans to set up such a man as Callaway's opponent. But the morning after the runoff, the strategy looked less clever. Not only did the Republican prank backfire; it also became suddenly apparent that Maddox might be a powerful candidate.

The Mads and the Segs

Georgia has no less than 159 counties, each laden with officeholders appointed and secured in place through the patronage of the Democratic Party. These incumbents want to keep their jobs and they will turn out the vote to make sure that there will not be a Republican governor in Atlanta for the first time since Reconstruction. In addition, Maddox has gained the support of Senator Talmadge, who sees a chance to regain the influence that has been slipping from him since the moderate Governor Carl Sanders turned out the old guard four years ago. Talmadge has quickly become a sort of sub rosa campaign manager, rallying tough professional politicians behind Maddox. But above all, by voting for Maddox the Republicans undermined their own candidate's largest base of support, the segregationists—"Segs," as they are called—for whom Arnall is anathema. With help from the county courthouses, the Talmadge machine, and the Mad Democrats, Maddox, who ran his primary virtually without help or money, now has plenty of both, and "Bo" Callaway is in the position of having to compete for a formidable vote that would have been his by default.

A millionaire, Callaway is a third-generation member of the family that owns one of the nation's best-known textile mills. He is a 1949 graduate of West Point. After serving in Korea, he was discharged in 1952 to become president of Callaway Gardens, a top Georgia resort. He is young and strong and personable, and he is a tireless campaigner.

So is his wife, Elizabeth, who flies about the state in a private plane entertaining women voters at coffee parties. With unlimited funds at his disposal, Callaway has hired a first-class advertising agency and is papering the state with slick literature and elegant billboards. His huge staff of well-organized campaign workers has tabulated the name of virtually every Georgia voter on an IBM punch card.

Callaway's credentials as a conservative are impeccable. He has opposed civil-rights bills, the minimum wage, Medicare, and Federal school guidelines. The source of his wealth is a liability of sorts—the textile industry is not known for its generosity to the working man. Representative Weltner said last summer that Callaway thought he could run Georgia "like a gigantic company store." In a recent luncheon speech Callaway waved a bumper sticker reading "I Fight Poverty—I Work," and told his audience he would return to Washington soon and paste the sticker "on LBJ's Cadillac."

To Fish or Not to Fish

Now with the nomination of Maddox, "Bo" Callaway needs the moderates more than they need him. He will be in serious trouble if they decide, as Mayor Ivan Allen threatens, to "go fishing" on November 8. Nevertheless, Callaway wasted remarkably little time in offending them: When Weltner announced his decision to withdraw, Callaway said that he found Weltner's dilemma "amusing." One moderate who had been warming to Callaway said with a sigh: "Every time he opens his mouth he loses votes." Many moderates are planning to write in Arnall's name, hoping to keep any candidate from winning a majority. This would throw the decision into the legislature, which could choose either of the top two. These moderates have little hope that Arnall can make it but are banking on the outside chance that the legislature would bow to anticipated pressure from business interests and choose Callaway.

If moderates find Callaway hard to take, he has even less appeal for the seventeen per cent of Georgia's registered voters who are Negroes. The Reverend Martin Luther King, Sr., an influential Atlanta Negro leader, made the astonishing suggestion that Negroes should write in the name of Herman Talmadge, "the best vote-getter we can get" and "the only man I know that can save this state" from Callaway and Maddox.

At Callaway's opening rally in Atlanta, disgruntled voters carried placards that read: "Racism, the Wave of the Future," and "Is This a Choice or an Echo?" Since he cannot hope to out-Maddox Maddox, Callaway's chance lies with those who agree with the sentiments of another placard: "Go Bo—The Lester of Two Evils."

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Ohio: Can Bob Taft Make a Comeback?

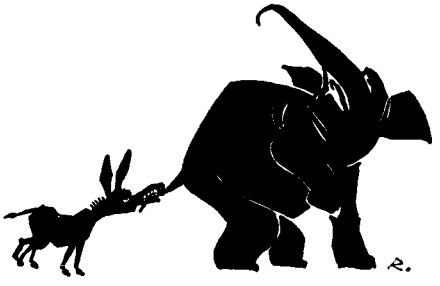
JAMES A. MAXWELL

CINCINNATI

ANYONE looking for Robert A. Taft, Jr., these Sunday mornings almost certainly will find him in one or another of the Negro churches here. On most Sundays, the son of the late Ohio Senator manages to attend two or three services. He has also become a familiar figure at Negro picnics, meetings, and social gatherings. Pictures showing him with Negro leaders appear frequently in the newspapers. In short, Taft is making an all-out effort to win Negro voters. He has good reason to shower them with attention. Despite his flawless record as a supporter of civil-rights legislation in Congress, Negro voters dealt a blow to his promising political career two years ago. Now he is attempting a comeback. If he loses in his November bid for Representative from the First District of Ohio, where Negroes make up about a fourth of the population, his aspirations will be all but dead.

Until the 1964 election, Taft had seemed destined for national prominence. He had served an apprenticeship in the Ohio legislature, rising to majority floor leader of the General Assembly. He had won general admiration for his seriousness of purpose by refusing appointment to the U.S. Senate after his father's death in 1953. He had proved his statewide popularity in 1962 by being elected Congressman-at-Large. Then, in the Presidential-election year, he ran for the Senate against the Democratic incumbent, Stephen M. Young, who was seventy-five years old. The Democrats all but conceded Taft's election, and Republican leaders were discussing him as a possible Vice Presidential candidate in 1968.

These hopes came crashing down that November. Like his father before him, Taft is a staunch party regular, and he had campaigned with Barry Goldwater in Ohio. Taft had tried to make clear the differences between himself and Goldwater, especially on civil-rights laws, but pictures of the two men shaking hands on the speakers' platform made the more lasting impression. Despite the Johnson landslide in the state, Taft was running well ahead of Young until tallies from Negro wards, particularly in Cleveland, came in. There Young was getting about fifteen to twenty votes for



every one cast for Taft. In the final count, Taft was defeated by a narrow margin.

Typhoon-Maker

Today, at forty-nine, Taft is making a vigorous attempt to get back into the national spotlight. His immediate problem is to defeat John J. Gilligan, who is only the third Democrat in more than a century to be elected from the conservative First District. Neither of Gilligan's Democratic predecessors was accorded a second term. Yet, despite the advantage Taft apparently enjoys, the race is a toss-up. The major reason is Gilligan himself, a brilliant, sharp-tongued, politically astute man of forty-five who has been called one of the outstanding freshmen in Congress.

Gilligan served six consecutive terms in Cincinnati's city council before running for Congress two years ago. His biting wit, turned on allies almost as often as on foes, and his need to create rows simply to relieve the tedium of calm, kept him in the public eye. "My editor hates Jack Gilligan," one newspaperman said, "but you can't ignore a guy who can start a full-scale typhoon on a millpond." A Republican acknowledged Gilligan's public-relations sense, saying: "Every time the local post office gets a new box of paper clips, the press release gives the impression that Gilligan had to get a special bill through Congress."

Most Cincinnatians, even those who disagree with Gilligan's political philosophy, admit that he has been an effective Representative for his district. He has been responsible for bringing in a number of Federal projects and has assisted many of his business constituents in their dealings with government bureaus. For the first time in memory, a large number of Cincinnati businessmen speak well of a Democrat. "When we used to go to Washington to see our Congressman about a problem," one said, "he'd just throw up his hands and say, 'What can I do? These bureaucrats just won't listen.' Gilligan, on the other hand, gets things done. He knows who to call and what to do, and he lends a hand."

Gilligan undoubtedly has benefited by the comparison to his Republican predecessors. Because the First District was always "safe," the G.O.P. usually awarded the seat to one of the party faithful. About the only First District Congressman heard from in recent years was Republican Gordon Scherer, who made a name of sorts by his work on the House Un-American Activities Committee.

TAFT, of course, is entirely different. If elected, he would attempt to make an outstanding record and use the position as a springboard to higher office. He is a tough, hard-working campaigner. Unlike his father, who appeared cold and aloof, he is warm and friendly, with an

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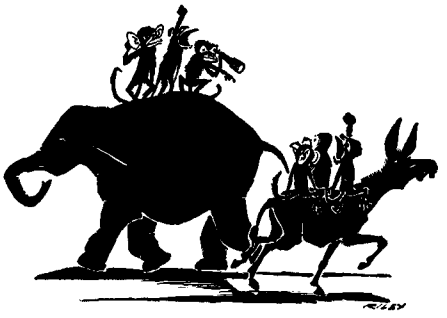
attractive smile and an ability to meet voters of all levels. He speaks convincingly and handles himself well in rough-and-tumble debate. But he answers questions, even politically awkward ones, as his father did, in a straightforward manner—a trait some of his supporters wish he had not inherited. During a recent radio



interview, for example, Taft said that although he favored the Negroes' fight for equality, he could not condone lawlessness. Then the reporter asked if Taft would have condemned Martin Luther King for telling Negroes in Montgomery not to observe the law that required them to ride in the back of the bus. Although obviously upset by where his logic led him, Taft said he would have.

Taft and Gilligan have been meeting for a series of interviews on Radio Station WCKY. They are lively affairs and have attracted a large following. Taft, dark-haired, squarely built, and rather handsome, sits at one table with an assistant to provide facts and figures as needed. The tall, slim, red-haired Gilligan sits at another table alone. When asked why he has no aide, Gilligan grinned and whispered, "Psychological warfare."

The two men are good representatives of the current liberal and moderate-conservative positions. Both have strong convictions and are articulate in expressing them. Gilligan, a supporter of Great Society legislation, wants to go even further in that direction. He advocates a guaranteed income for all families. Taft urges a cutback in all present nondefense spending, and dismisses the idea of a guaranteed income as "nuts." Taft would amend the Medicare law to set up "needs" standards, a proposal Gilligan attacks vigorously. Federal funds for such purposes as schooling should be given without strings to the states, Taft says; Gilligan holds that the Federal government cannot abandon its guidelines. Taft is a strong supporter of the Dirksen amendment that would override the Supreme Court's one man, one vote decision; Gilligan is firmly against the amendment. During last summer's airline strike, Taft advocated Congressional action to force the workers back to their jobs for a "cooling-off" period; Gilligan disapproved of this.

China, HUAC, and Vietnam

Although the radio encounters have served to define sharply the points of disagreement between the two, the programs have not been without their moments of foolishness. Some weeks ago Gilligan said that he favored the admission of Communist China to the United Nations, but that China should not be permitted "to shoot her way in." Taft, who holds a similar view, chose to ignore Gilligan's qualification and roundly denounced the Democrat. On a later program, the question came up again and Gilligan read a statement setting forth the same position. Taft again went on the attack. Gilligan listened politely until Taft had finished, then revealed that the statement he had read was one Taft himself had made on a broadcast two weeks earlier.

On another occasion, it was Gilligan who slipped. After a speech to a chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, he was asked why he had voted for funds for the House Un-American Activities Committee. Gilligan explained that he disapproved of HUAC but that voting against the measure would be handing his opponent a bat "to beat my brains out." Taft—who is, incidentally, far from a wholehearted admirer of the committee—charged that Gilligan had voted against his own principles. Then Taft demanded to know if the Democrat supported the ACLU's legal action to prevent the committee from holding its recent hearings in Washington. "I am not now, nor have I ever been, a member of the ACLU," Gilligan answered quickly and fatuously.

Both candidates went to Vietnam earlier this year and they gave almost identical answers to a set of questions about the war posed by the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Taft takes a somewhat harder line than Gilligan in some areas, but basically both hold that the United States has a commitment that must be fulfilled.

THE MATCH is actually a rescheduled fight. Gilligan would have been Taft's opponent for Congressman-at-Large in 1962 had it not been for an accident of name. In the Democratic primary that year, Gilligan was the favorite. Among the eleven contenders, however, was an unknown named Richard Kennedy. The voters apparently found the last name irresistible; Gilligan came in second. Later, the Democrats learned to their horror that Kennedy was a racist, and the party disowned him before the general election.

No one can remember a Congressional fight that aroused Cincinnati more than this one. Taft has the financial backing to operate an elaborate organization and to buy radio and TV time freely; Gilligan offers guest stars. Senator Robert F. Kennedy came to town in mid-September for "A Day on Gilligan's Isle," a sizable rally at the Cincinnati Zoo. Richard Nixon appeared for Taft, but the former Vice President is hardly in the same league with Kennedy as an attraction today. Gilligan, like Taft, is devoting much

attention to the Negro community, which may well hold the balance of power in the election. Taft's goal is to add a few percentage points to the disappointing total he received in 1964. Gilligan's problem is to get out a large vote in an off year.

"This is the first time in years we've had this kind of show," one Cincinnatian said, "but I think that nostalgia is the main reason for the interest. It seems like old times to have a Bob Taft doing battle with a wicked liberal again."

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The Congress Party After Nehru

SUNDAR RAJAN

NEW DELHI

Even making every allowance for exaggeration in the rash of rumors of political turmoil here, it appears that the "collective leadership" that emerged after Nehru's death is slowly disintegrating. With general elections less than six months away, the big question is whether the Congress Party, which has ruled India without a break for nineteen years, will be strong and united enough to face the crucial electoral test.

On the surface, differences within the party seem to be ideological. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi has been trying to inject an element of realism into Indian economic policies. Among other things, her government has moved to grant more facilities to foreign firms, particularly U.S. fertilizer manufacturers, in a belated effort to invigorate Indian agriculture. Restrictions on imports have been liberalized, and controls on a number of commodities have been removed in the hope of stimulating the Indian economy. But the government's most consequential act was its devaluation of the rupee by 36.5 per cent last June on the advice of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, an unpopular but necessary step that it had assured Parliament it would not take.

All these measures had been urged upon Mrs. Gandhi by the United States and the World Bank, and as a result not only Communists and fellow-traveling followers of former Defense Minister V. K. Krishna Menon but also "centrist" M.P.s within her own party have charged her with "capitulation" to western interests. When Parliament debated the government's economic policies, she received only lukewarm support from the treasury benches. According to some observers, party stalwarts like former Finance Minister T. T. Krishnamachari even sabotaged her attempts to project them in a favorable light. When the Working Committee, the Congress Party's highest policymaking body, later met at an emergency session to discuss devaluation, the powerful party chairman, Kumaraswami Kamaraj, is reported to have pressed senior members to denounce the Prime Minister's handling of economic issues. It was still more distressing to Mrs. Gandhi that Chairman Kamaraj did not come to her rescue when left-wing elements within and without the party joined hands to denounce her openly for "selling out" Nehru-type democratic socialism at the behest of "American imperialism." In the Indian

context this is about the most damaging charge that could be leveled against a ruling politician, particularly one who has inherited the Nehru mantle.

These ideological differences, however, have been exaggerated. Below the surface lies the real cause of the split—Mrs. Gandhi's lack of tact in attempting to demonstrate that she is a leader in her own right. Within weeks of becoming Prime Minister, mainly through the backing of Party Chairman Kamaraj and the coterie of provincial Chief Ministers who were anxious to keep Morarji Desai, her chief rival and leader of the party's right wing, in a political wilderness, Mrs. Gandhi began to act as if the collective leadership no longer existed. Kamaraj was not consulted by the cabinet when the new economic policies were being formulated, and it is said that he learned of the devaluation from newspapermen. Party M.P.s noticed that Mrs. Gandhi was treating him with the studied contempt so characteristic of Nehru. One observer told me: "Mr. Kamaraj expected to be treated by Mrs. Gandhi as a kind of father figure, a benign, democratic Mao. When he found signs of blatant ingratitude, he reacted sharply. The powerful anti-West lobby then moved in to capitalize on the situation."

One major result was Kamaraj's much-publicized visit in August to the Soviet Union and East European countries. On his return, he lauded Soviet economic development as a "stirring example to all underdeveloped nations."

As the Congress Party prepared to meet for its pre-election convention in Kerala in late September, it was clear that efforts to bring about a reconciliation between the Prime Minister and the party chairman had reached a feverish climax. The two leaders exchanged public compliments, Mrs. Gandhi describing Kamaraj's leadership as "glorious" and "indispensable." Nonetheless observers close to Kamaraj maintained that if he could afford to, he would not back Mrs. Gandhi in the February elections.

His difficulty is that there is no acceptable alternative. Desai is too hotheaded and reactionary; Transport Minister Sanjiva Reddy, Railway Minister Sadashiv Patil, and Bengal's Congress Party boss, Atulya Ghosh, all of whom are politically ambitious, are essentially regional politicians with little national appeal. The only possibility seems to be Defense Minister Yeshwantrao Chavan, a modest, unassuming Maharashtra politician with many "negative virtues," as one observer put it. He is perhaps the only senior member of the Gandhi cabinet who has managed to avoid the administrative and political contro-

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versies that have rocked the capital in recent months. In contrast to their dismal experience with Krishna Menon, senior members of the defense services have found Chavan polite and receptive. The Indian Army remains severely nonpolitical, but with its enhanced prestige after last year's war in Pakistan, its support counts for a good deal.

Meanwhile, the Gandhi-Kamaraj split, the political and administrative uncertainties in New Delhi, renewed efforts to project Desai as the man of the hour, and above all, the inflation that it is hoped is only a temporary result of devaluation, have all tended to increase factional fighting in the provincial branches of the Congress Party. With his image as a disinterested elder statesman sullied, Kamaraj is finding it increasingly difficult to resolve personality squabbles in problem states like Uttar Pradesh, Kerala, West Bengal, and Orissa. The real threat to the Congress, in fact, is in the states. In at least three of them the ruling party has openly split into two warring groups, the dissidents calling themselves Janata (People's) Congress as against the official Congress. Throwing all principles to the winds, the breakaway groups have begun negotiations with Communist, Socialist, and religious parties for electoral alliances. If this trend continues, the February elections may see the defeat of the Congress Party in West Bengal and Orissa. As for Kerala, no one in New Delhi seriously thinks that its chronically ailing Congress Party will be able to defeat the Communists.

By and large, the rebel Congress groups seem to have the support of Mahatma Gandhi's surviving lieutenants. They claim to have the sympathy of Acharya Vinoba Bhave, who said in a public speech: "The democracy which has followed independence seems to be a democracy only in name." The truth is that many democratic-minded people in India seem to feel that the challenge of the moment is somehow to put Kamaraj's party in the opposition, at least in some states. The speeches delivered at a rebel convention in West Bengal that was attended by nearly seven thousand delegates showed that what they are attempting is a revival of the pre-independence glory of the Congress Party, with its emphasis on rural regeneration, political and administrative integrity, religious harmony, and constitutionalism. The danger of an electoral alliance with the Communists did not seem to trouble them.

The Hindu Jana Sangh and the Freedom (Swatantra) Party have made some headway in recent months in the northern states. Like the Communists and Socialists, they are also making political capital out of the economic crisis. With only thirteen members in Parliament and a total of 114 in the state legislatures, the Jana Sangh, which has recently been trying to shed its Hindu extremism, hopes to double its strength in the coming elections. But it continues to rely heavily on small traders, disgruntled government servants, and the politically unsophisticated Hindu peasants of Punjab, Rajasthan, and Uttar Pradesh. The Freedom Party, which has twenty-seven members in Parliament and 166 in state legislatures, lacks a rural base but has a growing appeal for the intelligentsia, particularly because of the personality of Chakravarti Rajagopalachari, long an aide of Mahatma Gandhi. It is mainly led by former Congress Party stalwarts and, unlike the Jana Sangh, is frankly anti-socialist. It attributes all the nation's shortcomings to what Rajagopalachari calls "unprincipled and extravagant planning," and, to the dismay of the Congress chairman, it is now getting a large share of election contributions from the business community.

The Communists, with twenty-eight members in Parliament and 169 in the states, and the Samyukta (United) Socialists, with sixteen and sixty-one members respectively, are also numerically no match for the Congress Party's strength of 365 in the 504-member Parliament and of 1,950 out of a total of 3,247 state seats. Kamaraj's worry is that, though they are individually powerless, the opposition parties may come together in a move to challenge the Congress's rule. At the moment, there is no one-party alternative to the Congress. But it is almost certain that the ruling party will be down to some three hundred seats in the next Parliament, with perhaps heavier losses in the states. Moreover, until the benefits of the devaluation of the rupee—one condition that paved the way for a predicted $900-million credit from the World Bank India Consortium—make themselves felt, India's economic crisis will continue to favor the opposition.

The prices of almost all consumer goods have been rising since devaluation. The cost of many essentials like soap, cooking oil, spices, and nonrationed cereals has risen from ten to forty per cent since June. Inflation, which has been around fifteen per cent a year during the last two years, may rise to twenty-five per cent this year. The government's claim that such increases are more or less inevitable in a developing economy has been challenged by many experts who point out that in the decade preceding 1964, prices in West Germany and Japan rose by less than two per cent a year. The government has issued ordinances for price control, and in many big towns massive drives have been launched to ferret out hoarded commodities, but black marketeering thrives in hundreds of thousands of small retail shops.

The Prevalence of Violence

Economic unrest has produced a wave of nationwide violence. Street demonstrations, strikes, and the new leftist technique of *ghera dalo* (siege of legislative buildings, courts, and government offices) have placed a tremendous strain on police resources. Some provincial administrations have been so unnerved by the recurring demonstrations that whenever a one-day *bundh* (general strike) is announced by the leftists, they issue noninterference orders to the police. Often, as in Mysore and Maharashtra States, sections of the ruling party have indirectly co-operated with the leftists in fomenting strikes. A senior cabinet minister of the Maharashtra administration has resigned, protesting government weakness in dealing with the growing leftist challenge. One Communist leader in Calcutta publicly boasted: "Of course there is a Congress government in India's largest city, but it functions at our pleasure."

Perhaps the most disquieting feature of all is the growing tendency

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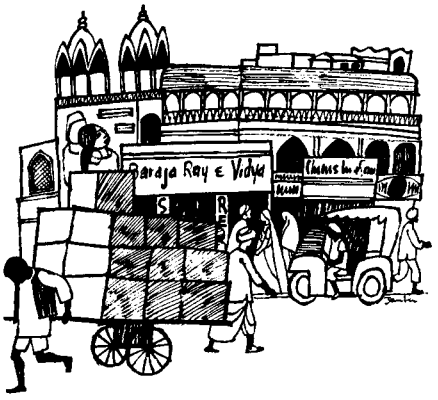
toward violence *inside* legislatures. Taking advantage of the ruling party's schisms, opposition parliamentary groups have tried to block proceedings. Often, the sergeant-at-arms has to be called to eject unruly members. The worst scenes of disorder have been in states where the ruling party is suffering from dissidence or is presided over by anemic leadership. According to an account in the New Delhi *Hindustan Times,* "As some members menacingly shouted at the Home Minister that he 'shall be killed' and as some more rushed to the Speaker's Chair and hysterically demanded, with their chests bare, that they be 'shot down,' it was obvious that the vicious spirit of the *bundh* had traveled from the streets of Calcutta to the august chambers of Parliament."

On to Ernakulam

President Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, despite his very limited constitutional powers, has been trying to knock some sense into the politicians. In his August 15 Independence Day speech he said: "If we look around, we see on all sides growing lawlessness. Strikes, demonstrations, agitations for trivial issues are increasing." In an obvious reference to the choice of candidates for the February election, the President added: "Our representatives who will speak on behalf of the nation should be cultured, disinterested, public-spirited persons and not those who are lost in petty personal, local, caste, and communal squabbles and succumb to the seduction of power. The future of our country depends on the education of our masters."

Unfortunately, when the pre-election Congress Party convention took place at Ernakulam in Kerala State on September 24 and 25, it did little to sustain the President's hope for disinterested and united leadership. In attempting to show that the party of independence was ideologically united and had lost none of its old energy, Mrs. Gandhi and Chairman Kamaraj put on a brave front. The Prime Minister roundly chastised those who talked of differences in the party and the government. Coining what one newspaper called a "new victory slogan," Mrs. Gandhi said: "One country, one team: in this spirit let us go ahead and win the elections with a big majority and give the country a correct turn."

But despite a papering over of differences, Ernakulam was a further demonstration of the inner contradictions in India's ruling party. Behind-the-scenes discussions, according to one top party source, seemed to confirm the ideological rift between Kamaraj and Mrs. Gandhi. The election manifesto that resulted from these discussions, calling for socialism, self-reliance, and solidarity, was regarded by many delegates as uninspiring and insipid. Supported by Kamaraj, the more radical elements in the Working Committee managed to commit the party to eventual "social control" of banking, a euphemism denoting a compromise between economic realists like Mrs. Gandhi and "progressives" like Krishna Menon who wanted a dramatic manifesto with which to rally the electorate. But as Mrs. Gandhi confessed, the first task of the government was to see that industries already under its control functioned properly. "Unfortunately," she said, "some of them do not."



Observers agreed that the most impressive spectacle at Ernakulam was not the Congress convention but the fifty-thousand-strong Communist-led anti-government demonstration, which Indian reporters compared to the massive anti-Communist parades that preceded the downfall of Kerala's Red régime seven years ago. The *United News of India* reported: "Row after row of empty seats greeted Mr. Kamaraj when he arrived at 10 A.M. to declare open the second day's proceedings." Some delegates criticized a lavish dinner party, a public boat race, and a fireworks display as thoroughly inconsistent with the party's claim that it stood for Gandhian austerity. At a Communist street-corner meeting not far from the convention, a speaker drew cheers when he said: "The Congress Party should await the real fireworks we have scheduled for February."

Freedom Party leader Rajagopalachari recently wrote in the party journal: "I smell the coming upsurge against the Congress Party as one smells a coming storm and rain." He believes that "The 1967 elections offer us a chance to save democracy. The Communist competition does not count. It is only a bogey which the Congress exploits." Unfortunately for India's non-Communist opposition parties, the Congress Party has capitalized for two decades on many other effective "bogeys." One is that it alone can guarantee progress and stability along democratic lines and that the moment it is voted out, the country will be engulfed in chaos. Fear of the unknown continues to be the Indian ruling party's greatest asset.

In the long run, however, the best hope for Indian democratic stability may lie in a realignment of the parties along ideological lines. The Congress is basically not a party but a collection of ideological factions strung together by the attractions of political power and administrative office. Realignment could lead to the emergence of three distinct groups—the Right, the Center, emphasizing democratic socialism, and the far Left. Since the Jana Sangh and the Freedom Party have no basic differences, they could easily absorb the Congress right wing, while the Menonist leftists in the ruling party would find themselves more at home in alliance with the Communists and the United Socialists. Politicians like Mrs. Gandhi and Kamaraj would, of course, form the core of the democratic socialists of the Center. Many thoughtful Indians feel that a transformation along these lines is possibly overdue and that the February elections may provide a stimulus in this direction. To this end, they say, the best thing that could happen to the party right now would be a few crucial setbacks.

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The Strategic Consequences Of Nuclear Proliferation

JAMES R. SCHLESINGER

THE IMPRESSION has grown that dire consequences will inevitably flow from failure to prevent the further spread of nuclear weapons. In part, this apprehension reflects the argumentation and propaganda put forth in the endless sessions of the Seventeen Nations Disarmament Conference at Geneva. The slow pace of those deliberations suggests that in practice the several governments feel something less than their well-advertised sense of urgency. Nonetheless there is widespread public concern, to which political leaders quite naturally respond.

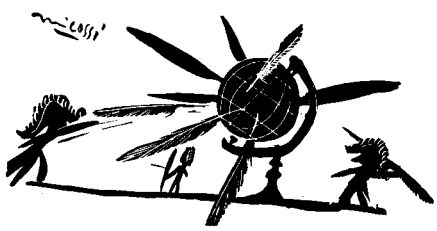
Much of the public discussion of the issue seems to be predicated on the conviction that proliferation poses a single, dominating threat to the continued existence of mankind. Senator Robert Kennedy has asserted, rather melodramatically, that without an anti-proliferation treaty "the chances of the survival of mankind on this planet beyond the twentieth century would become remote." At a more parochial level, it is argued that continuing proliferation would call into question the survival of the United States.

Contrary to the usual view, the most weighty reasons for apprehension are political rather than strategic. The spread of weapons may generate fear, and when publics or governments become fearful, they are likely to adopt unfriendly and divisive policies. Borders may be more rigorously policed, internal security tightened, and the tolerance of dissent diminished. Even on the strategic level, proliferation would bring certain untoward consequences, if only by increasing the number of uncertainties affecting international tensions and thus adding to the problems of managing the world. The truth is, however, that without substantial U.S. or Soviet assistance, the strategic capabilities that other nations can achieve out of their own resources would be too limited to alter the power balance.

Consider the exaggerations regarding the threat to the United States. By adopting measures that would reduce the damage that limited nuclear forces could inflict and by adjusting its policies, the United States can reduce the risks to itself to very low levels. Such steps would maintain the already enormous gap between U.S. military capabilities and those possessed by the lesser powers. The effects would be that (1) the ability to inflict damage on the United States would be kept low; (2) the United States, if it so desired, would remain in a position to deter attack by lesser nuclear powers against third countries; and (3) the incentives to acquire nuclear capabilities would be weakened—and hopefully reduced toward the vanishing point. This ability to demonstrate that acquisition of nuclear weapons cannot significantly alter the strategic balance provides in the long run the best hope of controlling proliferation and its consequences.

IF PROLIFERATION does take place we may continue to complain about it, but we shall live with it. And leaders who now assert that nonproliferation is indispensable to our security will presumably find other subjects to dramatize.

The fact that existence will continue to be quite tolerable is not, however, the only reason for allaying public anxiety over proliferation. An attitude of despair regarding the spread of nuclear weapons can be more than misleading; it can seriously reduce the chances for establishing effective control. By understating the difficulties of acquiring a serious nuclear capability and by exaggerating its advantages, we may strengthen the incentives for acquisition. The danger inherent in exaggerated chatter about the damage that additional nuclear forces can achieve is that it encourages the false notion of nuclear weapons as "the great equalizer" in international conflict. Hopefully, most nations will perceive the fallacy. Others, however, may be lured into believing that nuclear weapons will provide adequate protection, or alternatively an effective instrument of blackmail.



To indicate the way in which such illusions can be fostered, Senator Kennedy has misappropriated these words of his brother the late President: "Every man, woman, and child lives under a nuclear sword of Damocles hanging by the slenderest of threads, capable of being cut at any moment by accident or miscalculation or by madness." The "sword" in President Kennedy's United Nations address obviously referred to American and Soviet capabilities. The Senator's point, however, is that each additional nuclear capability, no matter how slight, automatically creates an additional Damoclean threat. This is simply not true, for the damage potential of such nuclear forces is sure to be strictly limited. It is essential to recognize that the danger of nuclear spread is above all a quantitative problem subject to fairly exact calculation. In the public excitement over the threat of proliferation, failure to perceive this point generates needless anxiety and fosters the illusion of nuclear weapons as equalizers.

Dimensions and Measurements

Any serious attempt to assess the dimensions of the proliferation threat should begin with some calculations of the varying levels of investment involved. The range of possible nuclear capabilities is tremendous, and the distinctions to be drawn among them in relation to size and vulnerability are of prime importance. Consider the existing array of nuclear capabilities. The United States, which has invested most heavily, possesses a nuclear force that not only is a solid deterrent but also is not incredible in terms of a carefully controlled counter-

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military initial strike. The Soviet Union, which has invested less, has an impressive second-strike force, which is an effective deterrent. Britain possesses a much more limited and declining force, presently dependent for delivery on obsolescent aircraft. The French *force de frappe* is even more limited in terms of damage potential against the Soviet Union, though it is scheduled to exploit more advanced delivery systems produced in France. Finally, the Chinese capability—presently drawing the lion's share of attention—is barely past the embryonic stage.

The degree to which a nuclear force is strategically useful and credible is determined by its size and sophistication and by the vulnerability of the society it is designed to protect. Strategic posture in turn ultimately depends upon the ability to inflict and to limit damage. All these are roughly correlated with the volume of resources that the society has invested or is able to invest in nuclear arms and delivery systems. The cost of developing a nuclear force that could seriously disturb the two superpowers is staggering. A nation must be prepared to spend anywhere from $3 to $5 billion annually—and these expenditures would continue for a decade and longer. Such sums run well beyond what most nations have been prepared to spend—including some that are now members of the nuclear club. Additional resources are required not only for delivery systems and compatible weapons but also for such indispensable items as reconnaissance and intelligence. Any nation contemplating a confrontation with a superpower had better learn something about the location and capabilities of its opponent's air and missile defense systems.

To INDICATE the size of the outlays involved, take the matter of weapons development and stockpiling. Up to now the United States has invested on the order of $8 billion merely on the *development* of nuclear weapons. On AEC operations generally, including provision of the weapons stockpile, it has now appropriated close to $40 billion. These are substantial sums. How many nations are in a position to spend even twenty or twenty-five per cent of these amounts?

The cost of a modern system is in itself very substantial, conditioned as it is by the requirements of highly

sophisticated weapons. To develop a warhead for an early-generation missile with limited thrust and size (the initial goal of a program for an aspiring nuclear power), there must be heavy investment in weapons testing in order to get yield-to-weight ratios to a point where a weapon adequate for target destruction can successfully be delivered in the vehicle. Major investment in guidance technology is required simply to ensure that missiles will be accurate enough to place weapons near the point targeted—whether military bases or cities. In this respect, it is vital to recognize the intertwining relationship between weapon size and weapon accuracy. With large-yield weapons, considerable inaccuracy may be tolerated. However, with the very low-yield weapons of the sort that can be developed with small amounts of money and yet be delivered with limited-payload vehicles, the accuracy requirements become very severe.

It follows that no nation is going to be in a position to develop a strategic capability that is both sophisticated and cheap. In the absence of major investments or extraordinary outside assistance, the only option open to most nuclear aspirants is the aerial delivery of rather crude nuclear weapons. Though such capabilities can, of course, dramatically transform a regional balance of power (if the superpowers remain aloof), the superpowers themselves will remain more or less immune to such limited nuclear threats. For the foreseeable future, only the Soviet Union will be able to deliver the requisite megatonnage to threaten major devastation in the United States. Threats from elsewhere may be faced down.

The two superpowers therefore will remain in a position in which they can dominate any nuclear confrontation. Only a superpower—and in this connection the term applies particularly to the United States—will be able to intervene in such confrontations in third areas. If the United States is willing to pay the costs and to run the risks, other nations—including the present three minor members of the nuclear club—will continually be deterred. Furthermore, their capabilities will remain vulnerable to a disarming first strike—unless they are given protection by an associated superpower. In any showdown with a superpower, a minor nuclear power relying on its own resources will simultaneously be deterred and be subject to disarming.

The likelihood that the first nuclear war, if it comes, will originate in and be confined to the underdeveloped world should play a prominent role in any assessment of proliferation's consequences. The penalties for proliferation would be paid, not by the United States or the Soviet Union, but by third countries. Much of the public discussion to date has led some in the underdeveloped countries to conclude, on the contrary, that the major powers would be the chief beneficiaries of curtailing the spread. If nuclear spread is to be effectively opposed, it should be made crystal clear just whose security is placed at risk.

Countermeasures

The effort to dissuade additional states from acquiring nuclear capabilities, while good in itself, is not likely to be wholly successful. We should recognize realistically that the long-run problem is how to live with the spread with minimal risk. This implies that any effective controls will require continuing effort over a considerable time. If we take the position that any increase in the number of nations claiming nuclear-weapons status spells failure, then the second-stage opportunities for control will be lost.

What are these additional opportunities? First, if new weapons programs are launched, we may hope to keep them as limited as possible. Second, we can take steps to reduce the risk that these weapons will actually be employed. Moreover, such measures may also serve to weaken

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the motives for acquiring weapons.

The means at our disposal to limit the effectiveness of budding nuclear forces are mainly indirect. The primary element here is to keep at a high level the cost of all components and materials essential to nuclear capabilities. Through rigorous controls we can hope to limit indirect assistance on the part of American or other commercial suppliers. Above all, we should make every effort to see that the support of peaceful nuclear programs from whatever quarter is not diverted to support of military programs. To be sure, the mechanisms for control are imperfect. Costs alone will not necessarily prevent other nations from seeking nuclear capabilities. And our ability to influence the decisions of other sovereign states is obviously limited. Nonetheless, something can be accomplished.

Certain steps can be taken to reduce the risk that new capabilities, once achieved, will be actually employed or, if they are employed, to limit the potential damage they may cause. One would be to buttress the air-defense capabilities of threatened states. A more controversial possibility would be the deployment of new systems that would sharply reduce the damage that nth countries, including China, could eventually inflict on the major nuclear powers. An ABM (anti-ballistic missile) system of the kind long debated as a further protection against major nuclear attack provides a current example. Such a system, enormously costly to be sure, would involve complex calculations on arms control, strategy, and cost effectiveness, but one of its by-products would be additional insurance against the harmful consequences that could flow from proliferation. Through such measures, the American ability to prevent the misuse of nuclear capabilities would be strengthened. The strongest deterrent to threats by a lesser nuclear power is the possibility that a major nuclear power will enter the lists against it.

GIVEN the existing preponderance of U.S. power, the deployment of major new systems may not be essential. Less costly measures, however, are both feasible and desirable. For example, assuming a world in which there was an increasing number of uncontrolled nuclear powers, we should invest considerable effort in developing methods for identifying the debris of nuclear weapons and their supporting intelligence systems that in a crisis would enable us quickly to ascribe responsibility for any detonation that occurs. We would then be in a position to mete out punishment, if it served our policies, for any such irresponsible act.

An approach of this sort, which relies on superpower preponderance, is not one that is universally and automatically appealing. It dramatizes the strategic gap, whereas some would argue that muting the differences in power provides a better means for obtaining arms stability. Certain comments seem needed regarding this point of view.

First, the gap in military nuclear power between the superpowers and other nations is enormous and will continue to be so. It is, in fact, more likely to increase than diminish. What is really important is to recognize that the gap permits the superpowers to exert a stabilizing influence on the restless third areas of the world and on the ambitions of lesser nuclear powers. It would be unwise to ignore or neglect this potential stabilizing function merely in order to maintain a spurious myth of equality among sovereign nations.

Second, nuclear capabilities in third areas will be unsophisticated and vulnerable. This being the case, the likelihood of nuclear aggression through a hair-trigger response seems obvious. Most persons who seek a more peaceful world should welcome the ability of the superpowers to forestall the initial use of such capabilities.

Third, many nations, even when they strongly disapprove of specific aspects of U.S. policy, want the United States to stand ready to counter nuclear threats against nations lacking the means of self-protection. If the United States is expected to play the role of a nuclear Galahad, risking retaliation and loss of population in behalf of others, it does not seem unreasonable for the United States to possess protective measures of a type not universally available in order to hold the potential losses to a minimum.

The Outlook

The strategic importance of proliferation has tended to be exaggerated because the problem has been viewed in terms of the number of nations that might acquire a small capability rather than in terms of the destructive potential of any given capability that might be achieved. As far as we can see into the future, the strategic environment will continue to be dominated by the preponderant military power of the United States and the Soviet Union. The willingness of either one or both to use power independently in regions of less than vital concern could be inhibited by the spread of weapons, but the degree of inhibition would depend on the level of risk deemed acceptable. It is difficult to envisage conflicts in third areas escalating into direct nuclear exchanges between the major powers. Therefore, the risk involved in the spread of nuclear weapons is imposed primarily on other nations. The superpowers will continue to be relatively immune; the threat to them will continue to come primarily from each other. Once clearly recognized, this asymmetrical distribution of the risks could become an effective curb on the nuclear ambitions of lesser powers.

While nuclear spread is basically destabilizing, its strategic consequences can be contained. Limited nuclear capabilities cannot play the role of "equalizers" in international conflict. The strategic position that the United States and the Soviet Union currently enjoy is so unassailable that even continuing action by third parties is unlikely to upset the central strategic balance for the next twenty years. Properly exploited, this central strategic balance could continue to provide some stability in regional conflicts—even in the face of nuclear spread.

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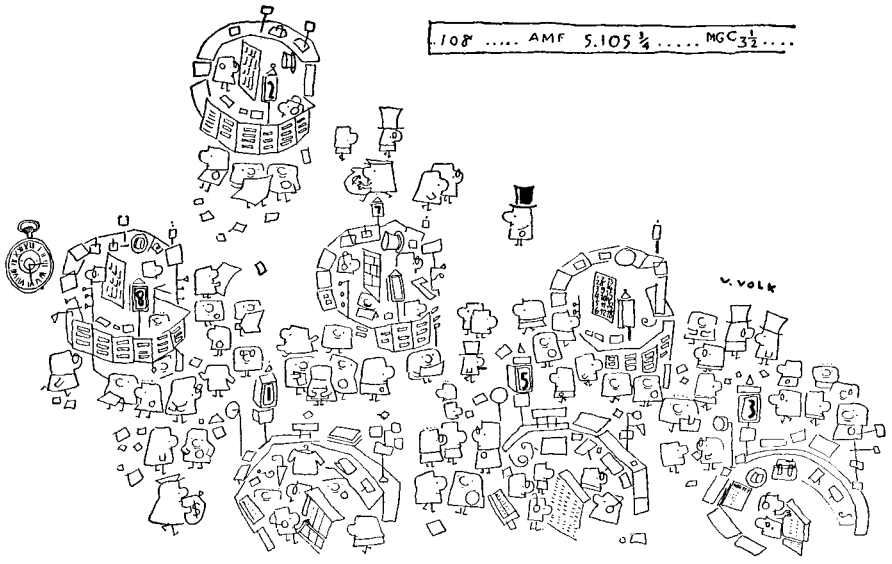

Heads You Win?

E. J. KAHN, JR.

OVER THE YEARS, the fluctuations of stock prices have been exhaustively charted, pondered, analyzed, and annotated. Indeed, the stock market has probably inspired almost as much impassioned and involuted prose as love. But few humans have dared to make as many flat assertions about the behavior of the market as have been lately made by, or at any rate through, an unemotional computer at the University of Chicago. The computer, to the irritation of many diligent students of stock-price movements, has declared, among other things, that the most ignorant investor, speculator, or outright gambler, buying any common stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange at any time, would have had more than a three-to-one chance of making an eventual profit.

This heady discovery, which a number of security analysts have found simply too good to be true, was inspired by the curiosity, nearly a decade ago, of Louis H. Engel, a vice-president of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, Inc., then still known as Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane. Engel, who wrote *How to Buy Stocks*, which has sold a couple of million copies since its first printing in 1953, has been convinced for quite a while that long-term investments in common stocks are almost sure to be profitable. He is in charge of Merrill Lynch advertising and has been eager to say in it something like "Most investors in common stocks have made money most of the time," but he has been restrained both by the New York Stock Exchange, which scrutinizes the advertising copy of all its member firms, and by Merrill Lynch's own circumspect lawyers, in whose opinion such rosy claims should, as one of them once put it, "be avoided in the absence of persuasive supporting evidence."

After one rebuff ten years ago, Engel reflected broodingly that there were known odds for the chances of filling a straight in poker or shooting an eight in craps. Why shouldn't there be known odds for playing the market? Most of the studies that had been made up to then fell far short, Engel knew, of what his inhibitors would consider persuasive supporting evidence. *His* odds, he reasoned, would have to be calculated by non-profit-seeking academicians of such unimpeachable scholarship and unexceptionable probity that their findings would be acceptable to any reasonable censors of advertising copy. He had attended the University of Chicago, and he sought help from its Graduate School of Business. The school suggested that it embark on the grandest accumulation of stock-market data anybody anywhere had undertaken; specifically, to record on computer tape statistics about all common stocks on the Big Board over a long period of time. The school's idea was to go back to 1926—before which date, a cursory survey had suggested, the necessary raw material would be inordinately difficult to collect—and for the following thirty-five years to record the closing prices, at the end of each month, for every common stock listed on the Exchange, along with relevant ancillary data about dividends, stock splits, and other factors that affected the real value of shares. There were five hundred stocks listed at the start of 1926 and eleven hundred at the end of 1960, and nobody knew how many had come and gone in between. The thirty-five-year total proved to be 1,715.

IN MARCH, 1960, Merrill Lynch pledged fifty thousand dollars toward the establishment and operation of what has become known as the Center for Research in Security Prices, or CRISP. Merrill Lynch, for its part, was to have exclusive public use of the findings for a twelve-month period after their disclosure and was to enjoy a few other perquisites, among them the right to have its name displayed, in a subsidiary way, on CRISP's letterhead.

The Center has been run pretty much from its inception by a soft-spoken, sardonic native of Kansas, James H. Lorie, who six years ago was associate dean of the Chicago Business School. His principal assistant has been Lawrence Fisher, an economist from California and a young man of imposing intellectual bent, who largely supervised the feeding of stock-market data into the computer. Lorie and Fisher, whose attitude toward stock prices is scholarly rather than oracular, profess to be unconcerned by the market's day-to-day gyrations. The Big Board's most recent tumble, for instance, left them unruffled, and

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to those acquaintances who inquired nervously whether they had any informed guesses as to what might happen next, their replies were bland and unrewarding. "We've never been in the predicting business, and the computer dosen't know anything either," Lorie told one beseeching friend. "When people press me for opinions about the market's immediate behavior, I have a stock answer: 'Nobody knows what it's going to do in the short run, and in the long run it's likely to go up.'"

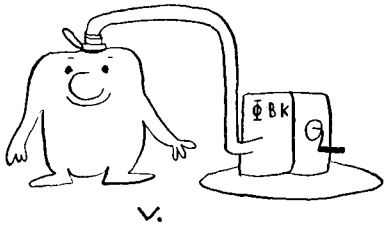
Much of the work at the Center was plain drudgery. High-school and college girls were hired to pore interminably over the statistical columns of the *Bank and Quotation Record,* the annual dividend guides put out by Moody's and Standard & Poor's, and the Commerce Clearing House's *Capital Changes Reporter.* Month by month, stock by stock, the clerks jotted down figures until they had a stack of 390,000 data cards.

Published stock tables turned out to be full of mistakes, and some of those which appeared in wartime, when type was cast from cheap metal, were all but illegible. Also, as the data processing went on, CRISP ran into exception after exception to normal practice. An Italian tire manufacturer had at one time paid its American stockholders a dividend in lire—blocked lire at that, to make matters more complex—and a distillery had given its stockholders rights to buy Old Guckenheimer whiskey. Over the thirty-five-year stretch, to Lorie's and Fisher's dismay, they came up with thirty-five thousand entries that they considered exceptional.

Odds and Ends

By the middle of 1961, most of the basic data had been tucked away on computer tapes. Even so, it was mid-1963 before Lorie and Fisher were satisfied that whatever errors might remain in their master file would be so few as to have a negligible impact on whatever studies were eventually made.

That November, the Center was ready to reveal its first findings, in the form of a treatise entitled "Rates of Return on Investments in Common Stocks." Lorie and Fisher had selected twenty-two dates between 1926 and 1960 and had had the computer, at those times, make a trade in every common stock that existed. Pains had been taken to execute hypothetical transactions both in 1929, when the market was at its all-time high, and in 1932, when it touched bottom. Although the first CRISP report didn't exactly address itself to the odds Engel had been seeking from the start, it did appear to demonstrate that the rates of return on common stocks were very good indeed. The bracing conclusions were: "During the entire thirty-five-year period, 1926-1960, the rates of return, compounded annually, on common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange, with reinvestment of dividends, were 9.0 per cent for tax exempt institutions; 8.2 per cent for persons in the $10,000 income class; and 6.8 per cent for persons in the $50,000 income class. These rates are substantially higher than for alternative investment media for which data are available. It is probably worth noting here that a dollar earning 9.0 per cent



per annum, compounded annually, would be worth over $20 in thirty-five years."

Nine per cent! Even 8.2 or 6.8 per cent! Six years had passed since Engel had begun musing about filling straights, but now it appeared that all the time, and perhaps even all the money, Merrill Lynch had spent—by then over $150,000—had been worth it. He arranged for Lorie and Fisher to spread the good tidings at a press conference at the University Club in New York. He invited financial writers from all over. He invited so many people from so many places that it was impossible to call off the conference when its scheduled time coincided with President Kennedy's funeral. Hardly anybody showed up at the University Club. The Lorie-Fisher report did get some newspaper space (Sylvia Porter, who had seen it in advance, said in her syndicated column, "This is stock market research of historic importance"), but all in all, nobody was in much of a mood to celebrate the news. And when Engel tried to make a galloping display of it in Merrill Lynch ads, he was reined in sharply. There was a feeling on the part of some of the executives of his company that some of their five hundred thousand customers might have enjoyed a less robust rate of return, and that it would not sit well with these stock traders to hear from Merrill Lynch itself that the company's eight thousand employees, many of them working overtime, had been outstripped by a computer that had performed all its prodigious and rewarding feats of buying and selling in just twenty minutes.

MERRILL LYNCH did not have long to wait, after that, before it was made privy to a second study based on the computer tapes. This was a solo performance by Fisher, called "Outcomes from 'Random' Investments in Common Stocks Listed on the New York Stock Exchange." Fisher had made a theoretical purchase and sale of the same number of dollars' worth of every stock for every month it was listed. For a stock that was on the Exchange the entire thirty-five years, he had a January, 1926-February, 1926, transaction, and a January, 1926-March, 1926, transaction, and so on through January, 1926, to December, 1960—419 transactions from that one starting date. There was a comparable series beginning in February, 1926, and finally a one-month holding from November to December, 1960. For a single such stock, there were 87,990 transactions. For all the listed stocks together, over all the years, there were 56,557,538 transactions. The results appeared to indicate that the rates of return Lorie and he had come up with earlier had been conservative. For an analysis of Fisher's random investing showed that the median rate of return on all of his nearly fifty-seven million dealings—assuming that dividends were reinvested and that a one per cent brokerage fee was incurred every time—was 9.8 per cent, figured at compound interest.

What was more, in 78.3 per cent of the transactions, an investor

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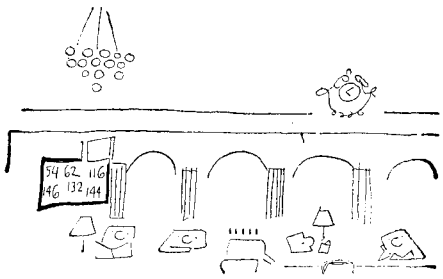
would have realized a profit. Engel finally had his odds, and what odds! Better than three to one—very nearly four to one—in favor of anyone who over thirty-five years picked any stock by pure chance! CRISP was ready to make Fisher's discovery public in May, 1965, and Engel could hardly wait to hold another press conference. This one, at the Lotos Club in New York, was gratifyingly attended—there were even television cameras—and it produced an offhand remark by Lorie that was to have widespread repercussions. Answering a question from the floor, he said: "Throwing darts at lists of stocks and dates is on the average as satisfactory a method of making investments as is reliance on competent professional judgment. . . . The study would seem to imply . . . that it is a waste of money to hire stock analysts of only average competence."

Room at the Top

Lorie has since qualified that statement. In dismissing "competent" professional judgment, he says, he did not mean to denigrate *superior* professional judgment. The harder competent people work to discover stocks that are too cheaply or too expensively priced, and are thus worth buying or selling, he argues, the easier it is for ordinary mortals to make blind purchases, because the experts' research and the transactions that reflect their research have the effect of making stocks' prices reflect their real prospects. "It's difficult to find a stock on the Exchange that hasn't been carefully scrutinized by a lot of highly sophisticated people," Lorie says. "These people minimize the risks for the ignorant, and they see to it that new information about a company is more quickly reflected in stock prices. But a superior analyst with access to really private information, or with a faster or better method of analyzing public information, still has the edge, or should have, over a random picker. If we at the Center thought all you had to do was throw a dart at a board to make money, why the hell would we be doing all this here? We're trying to make science help investors. It's clear to me, for instance, that the computer will speed up the process by which information is analyzed and interpreted, so that the lag between finding out information and disseminating it will be diminished, and the response of common stocks to new information will be accelerated and will be more precise. Some kinds of decisions require such voluminous



input and involve such complex interrelationships that it's been unimaginable, before we had computers, even to contemplate them.

"Now, the most valuable things, when it comes to investments, aren't necessarily scientific. Having the judgment of a Bernard Baruch isn't scientific, though it's extremely valuable. But if science can improve the value of, say, a billion dollars' worth of trust accounts by, say, one tenth of one per cent a year, science will be well worth paying attention to, and that kind of improvement seems to me to be well within our capacities. My guess is that within four or five years most large financial institutions will be relying on computers not just for security information but also for security evaluation. Individuals will still count, of course. For the indefinite future, if you want to know about the probable profits and price of, say, duPont, you'd undoubtedly be less well off with a computer than if you went to see somebody who'd spent ten years worrying about duPont. But if a large financial corporation wanted to consider eight or nine hundred stocks, a computer might be able to say that there were fifty of them that were especially worth looking into."

Lorie's proclamation about dart-throwing, however, was just what the newspapers wanted. It led to a spate of headlines like "Who Needs Research? Pick Stocks at Random," "Find a Pin—Stick It In," and "Prof Says Stock Market Almost a Sure Thing." One paper used "The Secret's Out: Even Monkeys Can Profit in the Stock Market," which seemed to be going a bit far, since at the press conference Lorie hadn't mentioned monkeys and neither did the story over which that headline appeared.

Fisher's study provoked varying reactions from other quarters. Keith Funston, the head of the New York Stock Exchange, seemed disturbed that the odds looked so good. Funston pointed out that Fisher's work was "purely theoretical" and added, "For the individual investor, it should be emphasized that past trends, no matter how favorable, cannot predict the future or diminish the need for a carefully considered approach to investing." Merrill Lynch itself, which had long been championing the prudent slogan "Investigate then invest," was momentarily nonplused. The firm's research budget that year came to three million dollars (it is now almost three times that), and while it could be argued that some of this sum was going for superior research, some of it was undoubtedly also going for research that was merely competent—or, in Lorie's view, worthless. CRISP had some supporters, though. The MIT economist Paul A. Samuelson wrote an article called "Stock Prices and Random Darts" for the Washington *Post* in which he said: "The way of the scientist is hard. Copernicus and Galileo were pilloried for their findings, and the Chicago professors are now being damned up and down the caverns of lower Manhattan."

On the other hand, Professor Leo Barnes, the chairman of the Department of Finance at Hofstra University, accused the Center of "spreading the cult of ignorance," and *Value Line*, a weekly survey put out by Arnold Bernhard & Co., a firm that sets great store on human analysis, showed what it thought of the upstart scientists by headlining a blast against them "Random Selection vs. Disciplined Evaluation (or, The University of Chicago vs. Brains)."

THE Center for Research in Security Prices now operates on an annual budget of about one hundred thousand dollars. Merrill Lynch has continued to underwrite it, and over the last couple of years additional grants totaling about $100,000 have come its way from the

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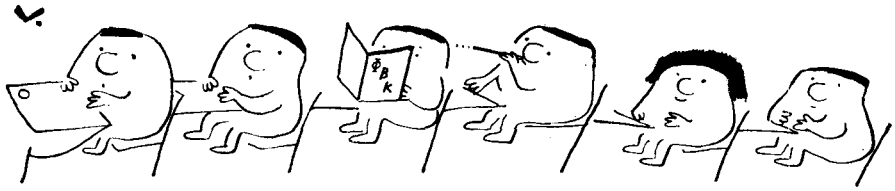
Ford Foundation and the National Science Foundation. (The former's allotment was part of a general gift to the Business School, which passed along some money to CRISP for scientific research in financial matters; the latter's contribution came in response to an application from Lorie for assistance in financial research.) Early in 1964, the resourceful Lorie hit upon still another means of raising funds. He instituted what is perhaps the choosiest and is probably the costliest course of academic instruction given anywhere—a Seminar on the Analysis of Security Prices, affording corporations that are heavily involved in investments an opportunity to send one or two representatives to Chicago to listen to scholarly lectures and pick one another's brains. Lorie had reasoned that while most large corporate entities are thoroughly familiar with all the traditional aspects of investment analysis, they might be curious about the academicians' application to the stock market of modern methods of quantitative analysis. After some private qualitative analysis, he decided to hold two seminars a year, each a day and a half long, and to charge each participating company an annual tuition fee of two thousand dollars.

Lorie invited twenty-five firms to the first session, held in November, 1964—an enrollment figure that tied in nicely with his belief that fifty thousand dollars would be about the amount of gross income he'd like to see this source produce. He got twenty-three acceptances. Among them were seven large banks, a handful of mutual-fund management concerns, and such industrial companies as American Telephone & Telegraph, Ford, and IBM. A half dozen papers were presented for their edification, among them "Linear and Quadratic Programming Approaches to Portfolio Analysis," "Some Implications for Investors of Factor Analysis of Changes in Security Prices," and "Romance versus Statistics in the Stock Market." By now, Lorie has thirty-five enrollees, which among them handle investment portfolios worth fifty or sixty billion dollars, and other corporations are begging admittance. The seminarians they send are mostly youthful and low-ranking in their corporate hierarchies; it is the mere second vice-presidents of some big banks who are their institutions' most knowledgeable men when it comes to dealing with computers.

Paper Profits

The solemnity that usually prevails at Lorie's elite academy is leavened by a lighthearted contest he has inaugurated for a gilded trophy that he calls the Haruspex Award—named after those Roman soothsayers who foretold the future by reading animal entrails. At each session, each seminarian buys a hypothetical hundred dollars' worth of one stock, and holds it for six months—that is, until the following seminar. Each also sells short a hundred dollars' worth of a second stock, and covers in six months. Whoever makes the biggest paper profit wins. Lorie is proud of his students' records. "As a group, our boys have consistently outperformed the Dow-Jones averages," he says. "Between two of our seminars, when the Dow-Jones went up only one per cent, our contestants averaged a 7.65 per cent return. And as far as I know, only one man threw darts. He made his selections by sticking pins in a *Wall Street Journal*. My recollection is that he didn't come out terribly well. Of course, hardly anybody picked a stock he'd have seriously recommended to a customer. Most of the guys took over-the-counter cats and dogs, hoping to make a quick theoretical buck."



More and more people in the investment world are beginning to look upon CRISP as a fountainhead of stock-market expertise. The Center has been keeping abreast of the market by periodically putting new month-end stock data on its computer tapes; by the end of this year, its original thirty-five-year analysis of prices will, thanks to the nimble computer, be converted into a forty-year analysis. Meanwhile, other scholarly studies have been made or are in progress. Do the movements, for instance, of stock prices in certain industry groups—textile firms, say—have any fixed relationship to the movement of prices of compatible commodities—wool, say, or cotton? CRISP has a study of that in the works. How does the payment of dividends affect stock prices? Are high-priced stocks more volatile than low-priced ones? A lot of people think they know the answers to these questions; Lorie and Fisher think that with their computer file they can substitute evidence for educated guesses. What about stock splits? Fisher and three other Chicago scholars have explored that one, and have concluded that the common belief that reducing the per-share value of a company's shares increases the aggregate value of all its shares is probably hogwash. What about insiders' trading, moreover? Do insiders systematically profit from their special positions, and can knowledge of what they do help outsiders in their transactions? Lorie himself is working on this last.

As FOR Louis Engel, who started all the furore at the Chicago Business School, he has not yet been encouraged by his colleagues at Merrill Lynch to make much use on their behalf of the alluring possibilities provided by CRISP's findings. In dollars and cents, the firm hasn't derived much more income from the costly research he urged it to sponsor than what an old lady gets from the money under her mattress. But Engel takes cheer from the coincidence that the bird used as a symbol for the University of Chicago is the phoenix. "The Center for Research in Security Prices has risen from the ashes of all the investment theories it's demolishing," he said not so long ago. He had the happy air of a man who had swung the first wrecking ball.

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Captain O'Neill And the Anti-Papist

J. H. HUIZINGA

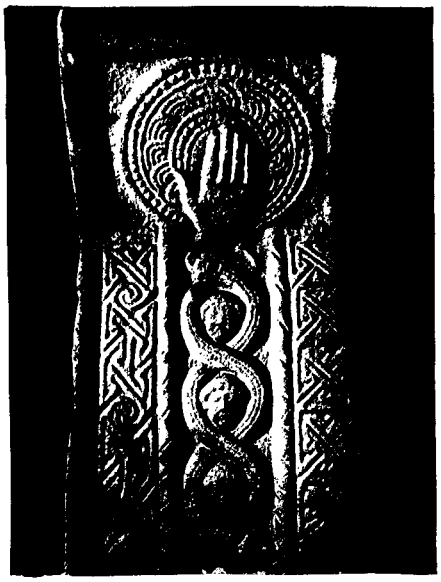
BELFAST

SOME OF THOSE on whose behalf Kipling wrote a poem against the Church of Rome in 1912, the Protestants of Northern Ireland, are expressing similar though less poetic sentiments today. "We know when all is said/We perish if we yield," Kipling wrote. "Kick the Pope" and "No Surrender," read the present-day scrawlings on the walls of Belfast.

In Kipling's day these strong feelings were understandable; a real threat hung over the heads of Protestant Ulstermen. When Gladstone accepted the principle of Home Rule for Ireland, the descendants of the Scottish and English settlers who had been colonized in the North in the seventeenth century had reacted in much the same way as the French settlers of Algeria in their later time of trouble. They not only feared for their religion when they denounced Home Rule as "Rome Rule" but, like the *pieds-noirs* in Algeria, they feared for their social and economic privileges. As members of the ruling race, they felt as strongly about Ulster being a part of Britain as the French settlers did about *l'Algérie française*. And again like the *pieds-noirs*, supported by conservative opinion at home as well as the connivance of the military, they organized themselves to armed resistance rather than allow their homeland to pass under the rule of Dublin. "Ulster will fight; Ulster will be right," Lord Randolph Churchill, Winston's father, once wrote. But by the middle 1920's the danger had definitely passed. No one in Westminster thought any longer of abandoning "loyal Ulster," whose fervent patriots had fought so bravely during the Great War. And no one in a position of responsibility in Dublin dreamed of trying to undo the partition of Ireland by force of arms. The Ulstermen had obtained the best of both worlds: their enclave, containing about a million Protestants of Anglo-Scottish origin and half a million Catholics of Irish origin, remained part of the United Kingdom, yet it had been given a considerable degree of autonomy. Its Protestant majority, which holds thirty-six of the fifty-two seats in the local Parliament, is allowed to rule the roost without much interference from Westminster.

The Reverend's Duty

What, then, does the Protestant community of Northern Ireland have to fear from the Pope or his



followers in 1966? Very little, one would have thought. Yet there is every indication that the Reverend Ian R. K. Paisley, the forty-one-year-old self-appointed moderator of his Free Presbyterian Church of Ulster and Ulster's foremost anti-Papist, has met with considerable response in his campaign against those who do not share his obsessions. "We have a duty to God and a responsibility to man to expose the heresy and error in the churches of our day and to show Captain O'Neill [Prime Minister of Northern Ireland for the past three years] to be the traitor that he is," Paisley says. "With the grace of God and the help of the Protestants of Ulster the day will come when I will be in Stormont [the Ulster Parliament]. The only way true Protestant people can deal with the ruling Junta of Lundies [quislings] is to have someone there to root out the nest of traitors."

Those who are guilty of "appeasement of the enemies of Northern Ireland" favor the ecumenical movement and the efforts of their leader, the Right Honourable Captain Terence O'Neill, to bring about a rapprochement between Belfast and Dublin. (The two capitals were hardly on speaking terms when O'Neill took office.) Paisley sees "his secret meetings" with Seán F. Lemass, Prime Minister of Eire, as "acts of treachery," a betrayal of both God and Queen Elizabeth.

Paisley speaks in the tones of a Luther: "I refuse to be silenced. Error must be exposed and truth must be propagated. . . . It is my responsibility to God and man to do these things.... Men may malign me, persecute me, speak evil against me or even imprison me but they cannot and will not silence me; I do not want to go to jail . . . but I can do no other, I have no choice. . . . My conscience must be obeyed, my God must be obeyed." Yet Paisley's actions justify the suspicion that he is motivated at least as much by political ambition as by religious bigotry. His menacing marches through the poorer Catholic quarters of Belfast, his refusal to obey police instructions, and his courting of a jail sentence all seem intended to rouse political support.

To the fifty-two-year-old Captain O'Neill, a quiet-spoken Etonian, Paisley seems a Hitler. His methods, O'Neill has said in the Ulster Parliament, are part of "the classic technique of the demagogue. . . . Members of this House are threatened with personal violence if they dare to raise their voices. Respectable citizens lift their telephone receivers and are forced to listen to a torrent of disgusting language followed by threats of violence, or their telephones ring all night so they cannot sleep. These are not the activities of a political party seeking the support of the electorate

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but the sordid techniques of gangsterism. . . . The pattern is horribly familiar. The contempt for established authority, the crude and unthinking intolerance, the emphasis upon monster processions and rallies, the appeal to a perverted form of patriotism; each and every one of these things has its parallel in the rise of the Nazis to power."

These are brave words for the leader of the Unionist Party to use in describing a fellow Protestant who not only has a considerable following among the common citizens but even has sympathizers among the party's members of Parliament and, it is said, in the Cabinet itself.

O'Neill ignored "this latter-day Luther of the *Lumpenproletariat*," as Paisley has been called, as long as he could. But in a country where the religious dividing line roughly coincides with that between "natives" and "settlers," conquered and conquerors, Irish and British, underprivileged and privileged, rebels and separatists, Paisley was becoming dangerous. The gulf that separates the two groups can best be seen at Easter and on the Twelfth of July, when their respective historical highlights are commemorated. At Easter, the Catholics take to the streets to celebrate the 1916 Rising in Dublin, viewed by the Protestant loyalists, then fighting for king and country, as an infamous stab in the back. (Only last June Northern Ireland's former Prime Minister, Viscount Brookeborough, confessed to the House that "I would be completely lying if I said I could forget it.") On the Twelfth of July, Protestants march through the streets wearing orange and carrying portraits of William III, the Protestant prince who in 1690 defeated his father-in-law, the Catholic James II, at the Battle of the Boyne—an event viewed by Catholics as one of many black days in the history of Ireland.

Paisley is in prison now, he declares, only "because he sought to expose error and to defend the truth of God." He says he is a victim of "an ecclesiastical plot stemming from the World Council of Churches and a political plot devised by the Prime Minister and his lap dogs." God's truth is, in fact, a little different. Paisley was fined thirty pounds for disobeying police instructions during the march that produced street fighting on June 6. He deliberately chose to serve three months in prison by refusing both to pay the fine and to sign an agreement to keep the peace.

What to do about him when he is released on October 21? "The authorities," Paisley has said in the paper he apparently is allowed to edit from jail, "would like me to say that our protests are over and that we will not parade any more; we could never agree to this." So far the Catholics have shown remarkable restraint under the Paisleyites' crude and deliberate provocation. No vengeance has been exacted for the deaths of three Catholics at the hands of Paisley's followers. But it is not difficult to

imagine the explosive feelings they have created, and if these were to be ignited and Paisley in consequence were to suffer the fate of Thomas à Becket, Ulster might go up in flames.

Two Armed Camps

Both religious communities have their armed gangs. On the Catholic side there is the underground, because illegal, organization calling itself the Irish Republican Army. Its inactivity since 1962 does not necessarily mean that it has been disbanded. On the Protestant side there is the Ulster Volunteer Force, whose initials have recently appeared on the walls of Belfast and under threatening letters addressed to Paisley's opponents in Parliament. The Force was described by Captain O'Neill as "a very dangerous conspiracy prepared at any time to use murder as a weapon . . . a sordid conspiracy of criminals now taking its proper place alongside the IRA in the schedule of illegal bodies." Hardly comforting is the fact that the regular forces of law and order might prove of doubtful reliability if called upon to protect the Catholic community against disorders fomented by the Paisleyites: while the ordinary police force of some three thousand men is recruited from both communities, the auxiliary police, totaling ten thousand, is in fact a citizens' militia, originally formed to combat the IRA and consisting exclusively of Protestants.

O'Neill has reason enough, one would think, to make sure that Paisley is kept out of harm's way after his release. The means to do so are not lacking. Under the Special Powers Act passed in 1922 to enable the authorities to meet the recurrent challenge of the IRA (responsible for the killing of 232 Ulstermen at the time of the Irish civil war), the Prime Minister could ban his paper, imprison him without trial, or intern him. But can he afford to add laurels to the martyr's crown? He has already shocked the more hidebound elements in his Unionist Party by using the Special Powers Act against the followers of a loyal, Union Jack-waving Protestant instead of the Catholic "traitors" for whom it was designed when he first banned all processions and subsequently put the UVF on a par with the outlawed IRA. If he went still further, would he be able to carry his party with him? Can he even go as far as he promised some months ago when he outlined a program of reforms that would meet at least some of the Catholic community's grievances? Such reforms would, of course, provide ammunition to the Paisleyites and serve as yet another proof of the Prime Minister's "treachery."

It is perhaps some consolation to Captain O'Neill that the more he is attacked for his liberalism in Belfast, the greater the sympathy he enjoys in London. The support of Her Majesty's government, echoed in the British press, is better than nothing, but it is cold comfort to one who stands or falls on the strength of his following in Ulster.

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By Fernando Krahn

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Journey in Darkness

IMRE KOVACS

We sit in the front squeezed together, the rear loaded with a drum of gasoline and a bundle of posters. The Japanese-made jeep jerks along the bouncy road and the gasoline drum keeps dancing. The mestizo drives well, with assurance, even éclat. Between us, Dr. Jeremias Avila Casa, district director of the Colombian National Institute of Agrarian Reform (INCORA), has a fleeting smile on his face. On the right I try to keep the loose door closed against the strong wind. It is not easy, for I have to hold a heavy woolen blanket over my shoulders as well.

We had left Bogotá an hour before and deep shadows were already falling on the high plateau. We shiver and huddle closer to each other as the road starts to climb; suddenly two high rock walls leap out of the darkness on both sides. "That was once a railroad trestle," Dr. Avila says. Wrapped in the native woolen blanket, he looks like an old Indian.

By now we are nine thousand feet up, and, taking sharp curves, begin the swift descent into the Magdalena Valley. The driver suddenly brakes and pulls to the side, wheels screeching; a heavy truck labors upward and also stops. Our driver pulls a candle from beneath the seat, swings over the low door, and runs to a tiny chapel on the other side of the road. In the flickering light of candles stands a mestizo-faced Madonna with a sad smile. Our driver lights his candle, sets it at the feet of the Madonna, kneels and prays. Next to him the truck driver does the same, staring piously up into the candlelight. His lips move silently as he prays. Dr. Avila crosses himself. "A very dangerous stretch. Whoever begins or ends the journey safely here lights a candle for the Madonna."

This steep, winding mountain road is Bogotá's lifeline. Oil, raw materials, and food are carried up, industrial commodities down. Somewhere far away the bizarre lines of the Cordilleras hide the little town of Cunday, where the first land-redistribution project of Colombia was to be launched. I have been invited by INCORA to witness this experiment.

After a night's rest in a small town, we continue all day in broiling sunshine on a winding dirt road that follows the crest of the mountain. There is barely enough room for the jeep on the narrow path between deep ravines. I just stare ahead, as tensely as if I were driving myself, and when finally we reach safer ground let out a great sigh.

"Down there, that's Cunday." Dr. Avila points at a settlement in the valley. "We'll be there in an hour."

Cows, horses, and mules are grazing in a pasture full of stones, shrubs, and weeds. Half-naked children rush from the houses to welcome the dusty, decrepit jeep. We drive to the plaza through a narrow street. The INCORA offices are right at the corner in a building that had once been a store. There is no door. Under the rolled-up iron shutter we enter a large, whitewashed concrete-floored room equipped with steel desks and file cabinets. A young secretary tries to operate a brand-new typewriter but cannot get it to work. A few of the men stand around and try to help.

"You might know something about it," says Dr. Avila. "It's American."

"Hardly." I try clumsily to move the keys. The machine does not budge. "You better call a repairman."

Dr. Avila barks back: "A repairman, here?" Resignedly he adds, "This is the only typewriter in the entire city."

Dr. Avila takes me by the arm and says smilingly, "Let's go to our quarters. You must be tired." Outside he says suddenly, "We are a little touchy about our backwardness. You must understand."

In the deep silence of the tropical evening, Cunday is beautiful. Intimate lights and the aroma of heavily spiced food come from the old Spanish baroque houses. Merchants put their goods back on the shelves, the heavy iron shutters are run down one by one.

Not far from the plaza Dr. Avila grips my arm in front of an imposing but rather decayed clay-colored baroque mansion: "This is the INCORA hotel." We step over the crooked threshold into a dark corridor to be greeted by a great racket inside; in the vaulted patio young men are sitting around a long rustic table, all looking alike in the glare of a single bulb which hangs from the ceiling: smiling faces, round heads, and crew cuts. "Dr. Avila! Dr. Avila!" they enthusiastically chant. Their leader has been away in Bogotá for two weeks.

"Good evening," Dr. Avila says seriously, and points first to an older,

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heavily built man who is sitting at the head of the table, looking rather like a professor with his horn-rimmed glasses.

"Dr. Lleras, veterinarian, head of our multipurpose team. He speaks excellent English, by the way. Mr. Kovács"—Dr. Avila hesitates, wondering how to introduce me—"is from the United States." I shake hands with each of the young men as they give their name and assignment: agronomist, land surveyor, civil engineer, social worker. In their high boots and khaki pants and shirts they look like soldiers in a strange army.

Dr. Avila leads me into a long, high-ceilinged room. A naked light bulb dances at the end of its cord as he turns it on. The windows are shutter-doors, opening onto the street. Against two of the walls are simple iron cots. "This will be yours." He points out one with his usual smile. "The only consolation I can offer is that I don't snore."

AT THE END of town stands a solitary whitewashed house surrounded by tall trees and a high fence. "This is the school," says the vet. "Looks peaceful enough, eh? It's vacation time now, the long vacation." Dr. Lleras stops and seems to consider whether he should continue. "Eight years ago this school was an internment camp. The bandits were herded together here—the *bandoleros,* as they called the peasants in revolt. The army combed the valley, and wherever they met any resistance they used tanks and planes. Whoever remained alive was brought here. Old people, young ones, women, children."

Dr. Lleras steps up to the fence and gestures toward the courtyard. "The prisoners were crammed together here, they couldn't even sit or lie down. Mothers held their children in their arms, men tried to support the women, young people the old. . . ." He pauses dramatically. "And one night the soldiers machine-gunned them, all of them, twenty-five hundred men, women, and children. Anyone still alive was helped to the next world by bayonets."

I wipe the sweat from my face.

"We had a civil war here, Doctor, started in 1948. The immediate reason was the murder of Jorge Eliécer Gaitán, leader of the Liberals, whom the peasants trusted. The mountains echoed with their war cry: 'Should we betray you, kill us! If they kill us, avenge us!' Violence was let loose and we slaughtered each other as if we were adversaries in a total war. Owners of the large estates organized gangs, drove their neighbors away or created such disorder that the weaker, smaller ones fled, and they could then buy up the land for a pittance. The peasants in turn then drove out the landowners who had become so rich so suddenly—or they just slaughtered them. They wanted land. In the end you couldn't tell where the front really was, for a 'bandit' was in every bush and shot at anyone in range. Many of my family died too."

He paused, then continued: "I taught agronomy at the University

of Caldas then. When word came from Bogotá asking if I would be willing to participate in implementing the land reform, I volunteered at once. I left everything behind—a comfortable home, my family—to help, only to be able to help."

THE CHURCH stands at the other side of the plaza, the parish house attached to it. The priest, clad in a white cassock, is a young man, jet-black hair closely cropped, skin very dark, looking more Indian than mestizo. He speaks English quite well and when he hears that I come from the United States invites me for a coffee. We enter an attractive small court. A slatternly mestizo girl brings coffee. "Father, this morning I heard such appalling things that I can hardly speak about them," I say.

"You've been at the school?"

"Yes."

"When I went to say Mass I saw you with Dr. Lleras." He stops, stirs his coffee pensively. "What happened in Cunday is but a drop in the ocean."

"How do you mean?"

"Mr. Kovács, the Liberals blame the Conservatives, the Conversatives the Liberals, both blame the army. I believe all three can be blamed equally. I hasten to add a fourth: the Church. We too are to blame, we too failed." The Indian priest looks straight into my eyes: "The people are disappointed in us. They identify us with old-fashionedness, with repression. We've done precious little to make them change their minds. The church is empty; not even the older folks come to us. We should go and look for them." He stares up at the gilded cross on the steeple glittering in the tropical sunshine. "This is why I am for the land reform."

"What are the children of those who were murdered or executed going to do?" I ask.

Padre Gonzales bows his head, his freshly shaved tonsure flashes in his jet-black hair. "If there is any truth in what the Old Testament says, that the sins of the fathers are visited on their children, it is really true in our case. The army used ten- and twelve-year-old boys as scouts to find out where the bandits were hiding. When the soldiers had finished their job, these boys had to bury the victims. The bandits did the same: they forced the boys to tell about the military hideouts, and after a raid the children again had to bury the dead."

The priest becomes pensive for a moment, then continues: "Those boys are grown men now, searching for the executioners of their parents, eager to revenge their deaths. Not far from here a thirteen-year-old boy, Teófilo Rojas, watched them carve out his pregnant mother's womb with a machete, chop up his father, and burn down their house. He fled into the mountains and shot every living soul who came across his path. He killed five hundred

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persons, civilians and soldiers alike, before the army was able to trap and machine-gun him."

Padre Gonzales looks at me, sorrow and unhappiness in his eyes. "We are no longer human beings." I cannot find any response, and the priest goes on. "The young people got used to robbery, looting. It has become dangerous to venture outside the city at night. And the prison is full."

"You have a prison here in Cunday?"

"Right across from the church, in one wing of the town hall."

"And young prisoners too?"

"Yes, only eighty now, but last week we had a hundred and fifty there. Those sentenced were taken to the county jail."

"What is the population of the town?"

"Fourteen hundred."

"Meaning that one tenth of them were in jail last week?"

"Yes."

"Come, let's visit the prisoners."

The priest protests vehemently: "No, I can't. I couldn't look at them."

THE SERGEANT opens the heavy iron-grilled door, pushes back the women waiting outside the jail, and secures the lock. The crowded cells open off a corridor in the center. The prisoners lie on the bare concrete floor. There is an improvised altar in each cell, candles burning at the feet of the Holy Mother. With expressionless faces young prisoners kneel and pray.

At the end of the corridor women sit on a bench, one nursing her infant. "How did a baby get into the prison?" I ask the sergeant.

"With his mother."

"With his mother?" I repeat, "How long have they been here?"

"Two months."

"What's the charge against the mother?"

"Prostitution."

"But the baby is innocent."

"Nobody wanted him, so we keep him here."

In the prison yard an old inmate prepares food in a huge cauldron, a squatting young one tends the fire. As we pass, the old man smilingly offers me the big wooden spoon to taste the evil-smelling concoction. I reject it. The sergeant approves. He is visibly relieved when he shakes my hand and turns me out into the street through the cluster of women.

A man in a white suit approaches me on the run and asks sternly, "You the one from the States?"

"Yes," I reply. "Who are you?"

As if he hadn't heard my question, he adds reprovingly, "You shouldn't have entered the prison without permission."

"But I had permission."

"From whom?"

"The sergeant."

Finally he introduces himself.

"I'm the mayor."

We shake hands.

"If you need any information, ask me," the mayor says.

We enter the mayor's office, a whitewashed, very plain room, and sit on hard wooden chairs. The secretary serves coffee. To put an end to the awkward situation, I ask him, "When were you elected mayor?"

He stares at me with blank, coal-black eyes: "I wasn't elected. I was appointed."

"By whom?"

"By the governor of the *departamento.* I represent the state of Tolima here."

From the window I can see road-building machines. The mayor explains with zeal how those bulldozers were brought from Cali, the sparkling tropical town several hundred miles away, in order to repair the road for the President's visit.

I remember the woman and child in prison. "Could she be amnestied in honor of the event?"

"She would continue where she left off." He adds a word he likes to use: *"Episodio."*

"But what about her baby?"

"In the prison we feed them, though I don't have the money. If we let her loose, I couldn't even do that much for her."

DR. AVILA wants to know whether I would be interested in going to the mountain village of Monte Carlo to see the preparations for redistribution of the land. I accept.

We all sit in the front seat of the jeep again—Dr. Avila, the driver, and myself. The vet and two young men squat in the back on a bundle of posters announcing that anyone who has not yet requested land should file his petition within a week. We leave the dirt road and proceed along mere mule tracks. At deep ditches or sharp curves we tumble about and hold onto each other so as not to fall off. On a high mesa we pass smoking ruins. "The bandits set that house on fire," Dr. Avila says indifferently. "It belonged to a rich landowner. There are still many bandits around here, holdouts."

We arrive at a military outpost, low barracks defended by log walls and zigzag trenches. We stop. The sentry greets Dr. Avila, whom he seems to know, and yells for the commander. A young sergeant steps out of the sentry house and invites us in for a *tinto,* and, of course, to register us duly in his logbook. As we take our leave, the sergeant insists that we stop at a safe place for the night, and reminds us not to forget to check out the next day when we leave or he'll send a patrol in search of us.

Monte Carlo is a small mountain village, with log houses around a grassy plaza where cows, horses, mules, sheep, and donkeys graze. The gendarmes' barracks are empty, as is the parish house. The inhabitants have left for safer places. There is no school; two shops, an inn, and the co-operative of the coffee producers—the *cafeteros*—are all that serve the local people.

Our boy nails a poster on the church door. The peasants gather. A good-looking lad, straw hat pulled deep over his eyes, stares at the large white paper with its black lettering. I ask the vet to tell me what the men might be feeling now, at this very moment.

"What do you mean, this very moment?" asked Dr. Lleras.

"Well, shouldn't this be a great moment in their lives, a historic moment? They're being given land!"

"Oh, I understand." He turns to the young peasant and asks for his opinion. The lad stares at the poster, shifts his weight from one foot to the other, and shrugs with a forced smile. The young man cannot read, nor can any of the bystanders. I ask Dr. Lleras to read the text aloud, and the somber expressions turn to smiles.

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A huge, bearded man approaches wearing high boots, blue breeches, and a blue shirt. A machete hangs at his side, and his eyes glower beneath his wide-brimmed straw hat. He reads the poster, then tears it off with his machete. "There won't be any land reform here, Dr. Avila," he snarls at the district director. "I've already told you so many times."

"Why don't you tell it in Bogotá?"

"Don't worry, I will!" He walks back the way he came, mounts his horse, and rides off toward the mountains.

"A landowner who has taken land illegally," explains Dr. Lleras. "He might make trouble."

The supervisor of the project joins us and directs the driver to a twelve-hundred-acre coffee plantation taken over by the state as "neglected"—the easiest way under the law. This is where the first plots will be distributed and the President is expected to arrive. Each tenant will get twelve acres, and neighboring small holdings will be supplemented.

INCORA engineers have cut the road into the steep side of the mountain on which our jeep slowly winds its way downward, and they are still at work on the lower section. In the falling dusk the scene reminds me of what the Pharaohs' constructions must have been like thousands of years back. Peasants clad in rags haul stone from a nearby quarry, tied to poles and balanced over their shoulders, to the roadbed, where it is crushed by mallets and hauled in baskets to the appropriate spot, leveled off, topped with pebbles and loamy soil, raked, and finally rolled with an ancient iron roller. The Egyptian vision still haunts me, for the roller is dragged by peasants bent double by the effort, and wherever the road rises, they are unable to move it. An old truck gives the roller a push, then careens off along the finished stretch to fetch more material.

The road ends. The engineer is glad to see us, as he can use the jeep to pick up some dynamite from the depot. We walk down the forest path. At a ford, peasants rest their mules. They take coffee bags from the mules' backs, rubbed sore and bloody by the crude sacking, the open wounds covered with flies.

I glance at Dr. Lleras, who continues to pick his teeth with a straw. "These poor mules. Look at their backs."

"You are too sensitive. It's been like this for centuries; now suddenly you want to begin with the beasts?"

"A felt blanket over their backs would prevent the sacks rubbing the skin sore. It's as simple as that."

Dr. Lleras looks at me, astonished. "If those peasants had a blanket, they'd cover themselves with it, or lay it on the floor as a bed for their children." He turns away. "We must begin with the people, with human beings." The smile is gone from his face.

The most important building of the hamlet is a three-storied coffee

mill. Once it had modern equipment, a motor pumped the water, an elevator took the cleaned and washed beans to the drier, then to the sacks, and down to the storage space. From there the coffee was dispatched on muleback.

The peons finish their daily chores and sit comfortably around their lodgings. The womenfolk cook dinner in the communal kitchen, over open fires. Each family has a tiny cell, a cabin, where they sleep on wooden bunks together with the dogs, cats, and hens.

The landlord lives in Bogotá; his manager, a youngish mestizo, invites us for dinner. The house is shabbily furnished. Young girls, eyes downcast, serve a hot, tasty dish resembling chicken cacciatore.

"Aren't you sorry that the era of large estates is over?" I ask the manager. "You had quite a good life here."

"Not so good. Everything is far away, there is no entertainment. After work, only the long nights. No radio, no TV, no nightclub, not even an inn. Only misery all around you. It will be better in Bogotá."

"What are you going to do there?"

"Don't know. I'll find something." He reaches for his drink. His brown hand is delicate; he has never done any manual work except handling the stick.

"What does the landlord say about all this?" I ask.

"He's the one who's most pleased. He always wanted to sell, but nobody ever wanted this place. Now he gets full value, a state bonus, dividends that will secure him a good living in Miami or Paris."

"He's leaving Colombia, then?"

"Yes, everybody longs for a better life."

A MESTIZO woman darts in shrieking, "My child, my child!" The manager jumps up, asking what has happened. The woman just shrieks and drags him outside. We all follow. The woman finally manages to say that her daughter has pulled boiling cocoa over herself from the stove. She rushes back to her cabin through the darkness, Dr. Lleras and I in pursuit.

The little girl, no more than three or four years old, writhes on a miserable cot, sobbing painfully. Dr. Lleras examines her badly burned face in the light of a kerosene lamp and asks for a towel. The woman holds out a piece of dirty rag. The vet angrily throws it away. I offer my handkerchief. Dr. Lleras dips one corner into water and wipes the child's face, then pours some oil on the other corner from a jug, and tenderly treats the blistering wound. "Do you need this, Doctor?" he asks.

"No, I don't."

"Thank you." He folds the soaked, oily handkerchief and puts it on the child's face, tying it around her head. The girl is somewhat beautified now; her tears stop flowing and she smiles gratefully.

We walk home in the darkness, silently. In a room upstairs I cannot get to sleep. I stand at the window and stare out into the starry night.

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Estival Festival Foolishness

A. C. SCHMIDT

When the news got about that Sviatoslav Richter had set up his own festival in a barn in the Touraine, a lot of people who liked to get away to that corner of France for a peaceful weekend were filled with dismay. Why couldn't the great pianist limit himself to the big cities and the regular season, or at least confine his summer barnstorming to the Ukraine? The shimmering somnolence of the Loire Valley landscapes, including La Grange-Meslay, the site of this new annual commotion, is better suited to picnics and bird watching than to preludes and fugues. Now Richter is scheduled to play in so many places throughout France that someone is reportedly doing a little travel guide entitled "How to See France and Avoid Hearing Richter." It promises to be a slim volume indeed.

Still slimmer will be the Baedeker of the future that tells us how to get around Europe and avoid festivals altogether. As one more noisy season of *Festwochen* and *semaines lyriques* draws to an unlamented close, the situation looks more hopeless than ever. The festival fever has become an epidemic. Soon every hamlet will have its fortnight or more of concentrated culture. From Bergen to Bari, there is no escape from Bach, Brecht, or the Vienna Choirboys. The basic idea of the summer festival, formerly tied to local and national traditions or simply springing up as a spontaneous get-together of good artists, has degenerated into an arbitrary seasonal frenzy, with the overtones of commerce often drowning out those from the orchestra pit.

Pablo Casals didn't start it, of course. In a way, the tiny town chosen by the Catalan cellist for the event that bears his name has remained one of the least spoiled. Scarcely an hour before and after the busloads of tourists, most of whom are billeted in Perpignan or at the growing seaside resort of Argelès, swarm into Prades on concert evenings and leave it again, the little square in front of St. Peter's Church is still one of the most pleasantly idle places in the eastern Pyrenees. But in another respect, Casals set a fatal precedent: if little Prades, with its six thousand inhabitants, can pull it off—so reason countless tourist-hungry communities across the map—why can't we all?

The result is that no place is safe any more. If you stumble across a picturesque pile of ruins on a remote crag in the Massif Central these days, chances are somebody is planning a series of lute and flute recitals in a renovated cranny lately christened the Ducal Hall. If you think you have discovered an abandoned fishing village, beware! The reason why the fishermen cleared out is probably a midsummer onslaught of contemporary theatre that fills the marketplace with so many automobiles that no room is left for the fish baskets.

And don't imagine that a little bad weather will discourage the festival fanatics. When a sudden downpour threatened to break up a recent outdoor performance of *Der Freischütz* on an appropriately savage North Sea shore, the show was saved by an imperturbable Agathe, who came out on stage for her second aria holding an umbrella, under which she sang: "Though hidden now behind a cloud, the sun stays in the firmament . . . "

I used to think that dusty old Moissac, with its charming cloister, was one spot in southern France that would never change, a sure retreat for a bit of relaxation in the late summer. On my usual pilgrimage to that town this year, I had barely unpacked and left the inn for a stroll when I found myself submerged in a tidal wave of costumed humanity, ominously Thespian in its calculated frippery. Ducking into the nearest bistro to escape the flood, I had to fight my way to the bar between serried harlequins and incessantly chattering damosels, and my order for a Byrrh and soda must have sounded through the din like Suze and water, for that was what I got. I asked a troubadour at my elbow what was up. He opened his mouth, letting his cigarette hang from his lower lip, and out came the dread reply: "You are just in time, Monsieur, for the opening night of the First Occitanian Festival of Moissac. You will be present, will you not?" Uncertain in that entourage whether to say *Oc* or *Oui*, I just nodded, ran back to the inn as fast as I could, packed my bag, and left. In my rear-view mirror at the edge of town, I saw the big yellow poster I should have examined on my way in. It was full of small print, no

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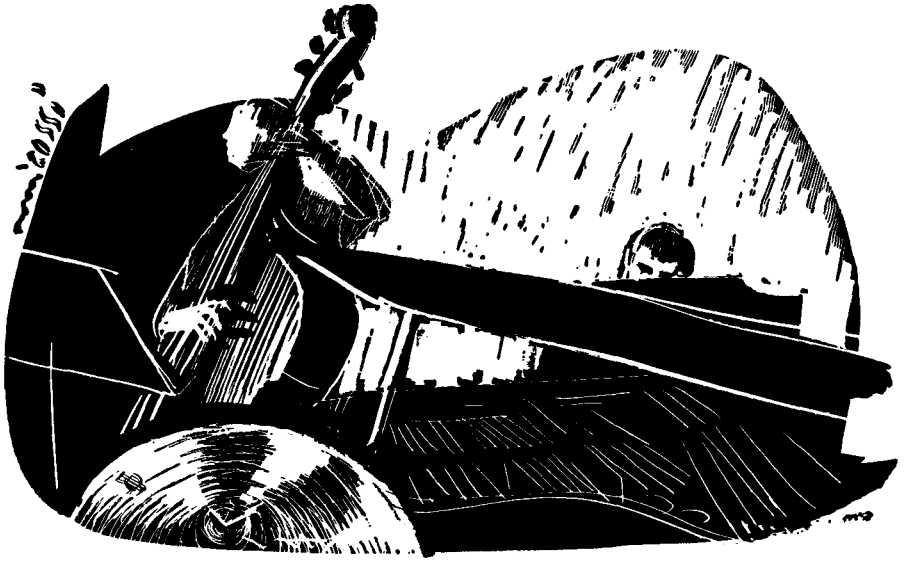
doubt detailing the musical and dramatic attractions I was about to miss.

Even the Dordogne, that once-placid paradise for fishing, river swimming, and camping, is beginning to show symptoms of festivalitis. Not content to remain a "medieval jewel without a false note," as the travel folders call it, the town of Sarlat has plugged itself into the festival circuit, with the consequence that its narrow cobbled streets now get clogged with cars to the point of complete immobility. Brantôme, a choice hideout in the good old culture-unconscious days, has succumbed to the trend by starting a festival of the dance; coming as it does at the hottest part of the summer, that event can hardly be a welcome occasion for the dancers. Beynac, the pretty château town on the Dordogne, has entered the race with modesty: its two-day festival must set a record for shortness. But lengthen it they doubtless will. The prehistoric cave at Lascaux is now closed, the official reason being that the famous wall paintings are in danger of total deterioration; one wonders, though, whether the authorities may not be remodeling the grotto for an outbreak of action art complete with background effects by Cage and Varèse. Nothing is sacred any more: one fine Dordogne restaurant, supposedly devoted to the high art of Périgord cooking, nowadays thinks nothing of subjecting its guests to the bellowings of *Ariadne auf Naxos,* televised fresh from the festival of Aix-en-Provence.

In its modern exaggerated form, the festival folly can be traced back to Bayreuth and to the Salzburg of the 1920's. What today's organizers and promoters usually overlook is the long line of tradition and association—from Mozart via Hofmannsthal to Bruno Walter and Lotte Lehmann—that lent unique meaning to the Salzburg festival. As soon as the star system became paramount, with a dozen festivals all vying for, and getting, the same big names, jumbled together in random and often ill-rehearsed combinations, that meaning was lost. It hardly matters any more whether you go to Salzburg, Munich, Bayreuth, or Berlin, for one has become virtually an extension of the other, and all have become one enormous extension of the normal theatre season. The festival label makes it possible for the management to hike admission prices, for local hostelers to follow suit, and for the more gullible sections of the public to pay the difference without blinking.

Festivalgoers are a breed unto themselves. They will take more punishment in less time than any other known species of culture vulture. They will submit to those outlandish prices, and any number of gratuitous discomforts, for the sake of mediocre performances in smelly halls that they might never dream of attending in their home-town auditorium or college theatre. In Florence, where the program of the Maggio Musicale seldom turns out to be quite what was announced ahead of time, they sit for hours on hard stone steps, enduring *Sicilian Vespers* or *Khovanshchina* or what have you, their agony hardly alleviated by pillows hired out for an exorbitant fee. It is fascinating to watch them emerge from the theatre, massaging their posteriors with one hand while they wave for a taxi with the other. At the Versailles Festival not long ago, where the Berlin Philharmonic chamber ensemble was constrained to play in a tent on the premises of a horticultural establishment, it was the audience that almost stole the show: ladies in silks, flowing chiffons and shantung sheaths all squirming around on shaky garden chairs while their husbands, squeezed between, tried in vain to keep their coattails from dragging on the sandy tent floor. The squeaking chairs had competition all evening from train whistles that tooted in the immediate vicinity. Only a first-rate group like the *Kammermusikvereinigung* could have come out on top in such circumstances.



The best suggestion I've heard on how to avoid festivals comes from a veteran of the whole European circuit who has been successfully avoiding them for years. She says the only solution is to plunge right into the eye of the storm. It seems you can spend an entire summer in Salzburg, in the very shadow of the *Festspielhaus,* without hearing a note of recitative or a single wind quintet. But you have to know how. The trick is to spend half your time in the sauna and the other half on the wrong side of the Kapuzinerberg, the side of the hill not facing the town, well out of earshot of those indefatigable heralds who shout "Everyman!" from the cathedral in the late afternoon. Unfortunately, the first part of that formula may soon be obsolete. According to a late bulletin from the beleaguered festival-fortress city, voice teachers are beginning to find the aromatic-steam conditions of the fashionable Kurhaus-Sauna ideal as a setting in which to instruct their students in the essentials of good breathing. Once the city fathers get wind of that, they will surely construct an ultramodern *Festsauna,* for sizzling indoor productions of *Idomeneo* and *Danton's Death.*

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Stop the Balance, I Want to Get Off

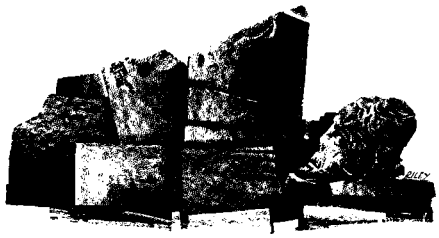
GERALD WEALES

JERRY, in Edward Albee's *The Zoo Story*, tells of his adventures with his landlady's dog, an irascible creature that made a snarling attempt to grab Jerry's leg every time he tried to make it up the stairs. At first he tried to win the dog's affection with hamburger; when that failed, he tried unsuccessfully to poison the animal. Having made contact neither through love nor through hate, Jerry was forced to settle for an accommodation, one in which he and the dog ignored each other. His leg remained unbitten, but he felt a sense of loss in the working arrangement.

Albee's new play, *A Delicate Balance*, is about such accommodations that we know under the labels "marriage," "kinship," "friendship." The characters here, as in all the other Albee plays, are without occupation (the campus politics of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* is little more than dramatic metaphor), not harried by the surface concerns of ordinary existence. They live in an obvious and unspecified affluence, a mansion in the suburbs of hell, that existential present so dear to contemporary writers in which life is measured in terms of loss, love by its failure, connection by its absence.

The mansion in this case belongs to Tobias and Agnes, a couple whose marriage, like Jerry's agreement with the dog, is a way of coping, an empty platform decorated with neither love (the last time they had sex, Tobias, fearing the loss implicit in birth, withdrew before ejaculation) nor hate (the triple murder Tobias jokingly considers would have to be committed in passion, a possibility that makes his sister-in-law laugh out loud), on which they act out their charade of human life. Their family group is expandable, able to take in Claire, the drunken sister-in-law, and Julia, the daughter, home again after the collapse of her fourth marriage. These two have a working arrangement with Tobias and Agnes in which the pattern of aggression and withdrawal, of accusation and guilt, is kept in balance because each character knows that there are limits at which his specialty (Agnes's bitchiness, Tobias's acquiescence, Claire's mockery, Julia's brattishness) runs up against the others. The four find a home of sorts in the comfortable do-it-yourself torture chamber they live in, although, as Tobias and Agnes remind us in the third act, it is not a home in the sense that Tobias remembers and certainly not what John Howard Payne wrote about.

INTO this delicate balance step Harry and Edna, best friends of Tobias and Agnes, claiming the rights of friendship, demanding "succor," to use Claire's word, shelter



from the terror that assailed them as they sat, unprotected by needlework and French-vocabulary studies, in the desolation of their own home. The play, trying to answer Claire's first-act questions about the nature of friendship, asks Tobias to decide whether the frightened couple can stay at the risk of infecting a household insufficiently defended against that undifferentiated terror which waits—like the Emperor Jones's "little formless fears"—for a chance to come out into the open. Harry and Edna choose to go at the end of the play, over Tobias's protests, because they realize that they are loved only as much as they love and that in the world in which they live there are rites (but not rights) of friendship. The curtain descends on a restored balance, but Agnes's words about the rising sun cannot comfort the four ropewalkers for another loss sustained, another possibility shut off.

The negation in which Albee's characters live is the stronger by virtue of Tobias's attempt to make something of that possibility, the chance that friendship put to the test may reinspirit life. His plea that Harry and Edna stay, despite the fact that he cannot love them and does not want them, is his prayer that something be done to upset the balance. Even chaos, disruption, pain seem preferable to accepted sterility. Tobias, like Jerry, has his animal story; and it is in the light of his first-act account of the cat who came not to love him that we can best view his actions in the third act. When he realized that his cat was indifferent, even hostile, he attempted—again like Jerry with the dog—to force himself on the cat through love (he made the cat sit on his lap) and violence (he slapped the cat so hard he affected its hearing). Failing, he had the cat killed. Not put to sleep, he insists, discarding Agnes's proffered euphemism, but killed; and then, like a medieval storyteller, he adds the moral: He should have kept trying, there must have been something—he has a serio-comic list of possibilities, including penance—that he could have done. Reluctantly, against every instinct of self-protection, he tries to do with Harry and Edna what he failed to do with the cat. But Edna, who is most insistent about their right to stay and who follows that insistence with the play's most specific statement about the separateness of each person, and Harry back away from a confrontation that may turn "friendship" from a euphemism into a fact. Tobias's attempt does not stand alone in the play. Agnes's dream of madness at the beginning of the play, Claire's drinking, Julia's new hope with each new husband and her regression to a child's hysteria—all these are attempts to escape (if not, as in Tobias's case, to change) the even, leaden, desperate balance on which they teeter out their empty and meaningless days. In *A Delicate Balance* there can be no escape, no change.

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The play is, as one expects from Albee, neatly worked out and carefully argued (there is a pedagogical strain in Albee that his public statements tend to deny), with artfully planted lines hooking characters allusively one to another and giving the audience stepping-stones to pick its way through three acts of conversation. I found myself watching and listening with interest but indifference. There was none of the suffocating boredom that attacked me during *Tiny Alice,* but neither was there any of the excitement and delight that the first two acts of *Virginia Woolf* elicited. At no point in the play—and certainly not at the histrionic high spots (Julia's second-act appearance with the gun, Tobias's third-act accusation-plea)—did the characters evoke the empathy that would have made the play more than a well-dressed intellectual exercise. There are two reasons for this—one stylistic, one thematic.

Like T. S. Eliot in *The Cocktail Party* and Enid Bagnold in *The Chalk Garden,* Albee has chosen to be serious behind a façade that suggests the drawing-room comedy. The artificiality implicit in the setting is heightened by Albee's lines. He stuffs his sentences with nouns of address, with parenthetic expressions, with irrelevant relevant clauses that force the actor to stroll through his lines as though they were elegant gardens. Time after time, carefully avoiding the contraction, he ends a sentence with a "would we not?" or an "is it not?" that brings a lift at the end of the line, an inflection that stops the natural flow of speech. The most flamboyant example of his insistent artificiality comes in the first speech, in which Agnes begins a sentence, interrupts it with a parenthesis that becomes a digression lasting through several exchanges, then comes finally to the reopening of that first sentence. The direction, the costuming, the performances all intensify the elegance. Carmen Mathews as Edna wraps her magnificent voice around Albee's convoluted sentences as though she were packing exquisite crystal in cotton wool; Jessica Tandy as Agnes trips through her lines as though she were walking on a finely tuned xylophone, her feet tapping out a baroque air.

The artificiality is intentional, of course, a dramatic metaphor in its own right—evidence that these people are only surface. It is here, however, that Albee's device and the play fail. In Miss Bagnold's case, the anguish of her characters smashed through the façade; in Eliot's, the instructive fable was of sufficient intellectual (for some, emotional) interest to make those in the audience who were listening care deeply how it would all work out. In *A Delicate Balance* there is never any doubt. Albee's view of contemporary American man as empty and sterile, hiding behind his material well-being and the conventional labels of kinship, was already commonplace when he wrote *The American Dream* in 1960. Only in a play like *Virginia Woolf,* where the vitality of his characters in part contradicts the thematic assumptions, has he been able to grab his audiences and hold them. In *A Delicate Balance,* the characters are given a little biography, a few mannerisms, a whisper of depth, but they remain occasionally witty, always articulate stick figures moving through a sequence of non-events to a foregone conclusion. To use highly artificial means to display artificial people is probably a tactical error, for in the end the best the playwright can hope for is a delicate balance between audience and characters, polite distancing that expresses interest but never concern.

To a Young Woman, Entering a Formal Garden

Comes on with butterflies, whose stray
Parabolas become her presence, cool
As convoluted labyrinths of box
And borders where the passing compliment
She pays, by sleight of hand on flowers,
Here and there delays the royal progress.

The obliging fool, her gentleman, observing
In despair the mere accomplishment
Of that repose, and lacking heart to hint
At rank and foxy promptings of the will,
Takes no account of wantonness,
Like scent, attendant on her every pulse.

Oh, round archaic mouth no butter
Dares to melt in, you will come to terms,
On your terms only, with the earth.
The youth awaits you, edgily attentive
On an ironwork bench, as twisted
As the curious aisles between the box.

He twists in anguish, dreading to commit
The breath he greets her with; but she,
Whose spirits quicken on the trace
Of palpitating commonplace, may yet
Appear at path's turning, bare as Eve,
Only to feed upon his stricken face.

—John Alexander Allen

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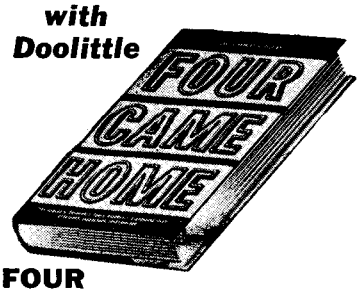
They were with Doolittle



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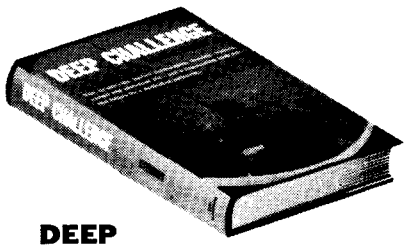

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BOOKS

The Manpower Debate

EDWARD T. CHASE

STRUCTURAL UNEMPLOYMENT AND AGGREGATE DEMAND, by Eleanor Gottesfocht Gilpatrick. *The Johns Hopkins Press. $8.50.*

Only those with short memories can look with equanimity upon Miss Gilpatrick's analysis of unemployment in the twenty years ending in 1965. With the unemployment rate rising to a dismaying 7.1 per cent five years ago and persisting at just under six per cent for several years, remaining at double that for Negroes generally and as high as eighty per cent for Negro teen-agers in major cities, joblessness has been *the* contemporary nightmare for millions of Americans. The unparalleled affluence of the bulk of the population has only served to heighten this misery.

Yet overnight, as it seems, with the important exceptions of Negroes and youth, the manpower problem has become one of actual spot shortages of qualified workers. A combination of successful fiscal and monetary policies—the "new economics" of tax cut and eased credit —and the Vietnam war has created the effect of an overwhelming aggregate demand that now threatens inflation. It is this very rapidity with which the picture reversed itself that warns us how volatile the manpower situation can be in an unplanned market economy subject to accelerating technological change and to whirlwind shifts in international affairs.

This phenomenon has an unusual feature. For once in our history, these developments did not occur in an intellectual vacuum or amid governmental indifference. On the contrary, for the past half-dozen years there has been an extraordinary debate in academic and government circles. It has focused on the issue of whether increased aggregate demand was sufficient by itself to conquer unemployment or whether a substantial residue of our unemployment was structural, impervious to fiscal and monetary action and remediable only through worker retraining and relocation.

ALMOST at once the manpower debate became entangled with two things: the related debate over how the United States could improve its laggard (compared with Western European and Japanese) growth rate of the 1950's and early 1960's, and the civil-rights aspect of Negro joblessness. The consequence was a rise

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in the temperature of the debate that polarized opinion between the structuralists and the aggregate-demand faction. Miss Gilpatrick deplores this as obscuring the realities.

The structuralists cited U.S. Commissioner of Labor Statistics Ewan Clague's confounding demonstration that in recent times, unlike in any past period, the number of long-term unemployed (more than six months) *increased* in boom and slump alike. At midyear in 1953, they numbered 58,000, or 3.7 per cent of all unemployed; in 1957, they numbered 260,000, or 9.6 per cent; in 1960, 411,000, or 11.9 per cent; and in 1963, 643,000, or 15.8 per cent. The word "automation," always loosely defined, began to appear increasingly in articles on jobs and technological change. Robert Theobald, to this day the most fervent of the structuralists, rallied prominent intellectuals to his banner when he created the now-famous manifesto of the Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution, forecasting disastrous unemployment (date unspecified) and calling for a Federally guaranteed minimum income for all, a concept now reaching faddist proportions in some circles. Professor Charles C. Killingsworth of Michigan State, the leading academician in the debate, battered away at the Council of Economic Advisers with formidable statistics and arguments to challenge their considerable though not unlimited faith in aggregate-demand policies. Senator Joseph S. Clark's Employment and Manpower subcommittee held eight months of hearings in 1963 that provided a collection of materials on manpower so great that we will be seeing books emanate from it for years. Organized labor made the shortened workweek (to spread jobs around) its prime goal. And the advent of the anti-poverty war, the radically enlarged Federal budgets for education (including vocational education), and such legislation as the Manpower Development and Training Act testify to Congressional responsiveness to the pressures and cogency of the structuralists' case.

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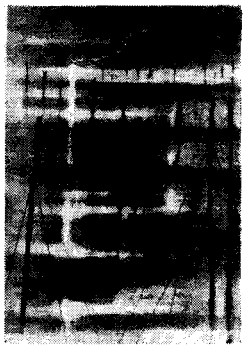

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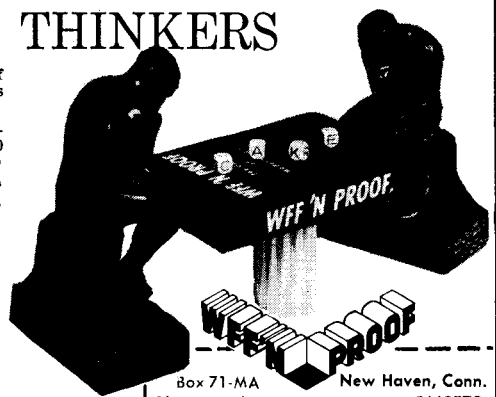

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at least, the structuralists have been routed. Charles Silberman, who typifies the attitude of the hardheaded skeptic toward the Theobald clique, showed in a celebrated series of articles in *Fortune* that blue-collar factory workers, thought to be most vulnerable to structural change, benefited disproportionately in the boom following the tax cut and the expansion of the Vietnam war. Most importantly, the report of the

President's National Commission on Technology, Automation and Economic Progress, a blue-ribbon group created by Congressional action, emphasized that the alarming unemployment rate of the 1950's and 1960's "was the consequence of passive public policy, not the consequence of an excessive pace of technological change."

In the book at hand, Miss Gilpatrick says, in effect: Don't be too sure. Adequate aggregate demand *is* an essential condition for effective full employment, but it isn't sufficient alone. There is the chronic plight of the Negro, the aged, and youth, of the undereducated generally and the geographically isolated. Then there is also the threat of economic malaise (and hence potential rising unemployment) if too strenuous application of aggregate-demand measures in an effort to rescue the hard-core jobless should cause inflation. Miss Gilpatrick rightly stresses the persistence today of the classic economist's ancient error of assuming the homogeneity of labor, the notion that all laborers are endowed about equally. "This notion of labor," said the Chicago economist Theodore W. Schultz in a notable address, "was wrong in the classical period and it is patently wrong now." From the viewpoint of policy, the point here is that, besides stimulating demand, government has an equal imperative to improve the operation of the labor market. This involves reforms in education and retraining, job and worker relocation, a more efficient national employment service, and the co-operation of industry with that service in supplying information on job vacancies.

Miss Gilpatrick observes that the Vietnam war has obscured the issue of the extent of structural unemployment because, being a conventional (non-nuclear) war, it calls on "the very skills and industries which faced structural decline, namely production workers in durable goods production." She is a Galbraithian in seeing the relative squalor of the public sector as a key opportunity to reduce structural unemployment. "It is our good luck," she writes, "that public civilian needs with regard to social investment and services are also in harmony with the surplus labor skills for which money spent to fill these needs would generate employment." She recommends that it be Federal policy that one per cent of the labor force, more than 700,000 workers, be retrained annually to meet changing job requirements. (Labor Department studies show that today's worker can anticipate at least three different careers in his lifetime, so rapid is technological change.) Seven hundred thousand may sound like a modest number, but this is more than triple the number trained annually under the Manpower Development and Training Act programs. The hope is that not only will retraining prevent unemployment but that it will also spur economic growth by preventing skill shortages. In discussing worker relocation, Miss Gilpatrick notes that firms underwrite shifts by engineers and management but not by bench workers, those least able to bear such costs. She urges relocation allowances, comparable to those of the highly effective Swedish employment service. With respect to the Negro job problem, her studies persuade her that "nothing short of a massive program to undercut the atmosphere of futility in the Negro ghetto will do." To this end she calls for government *guaranteed* job placement at the end of job-training programs.

So this comprehensive, rigorously argued, and statistically impressive study concludes with a plea for a radical innovation in American economic planning in the manpower area. It is a recommendation altogether consistent with the intent of what is perhaps the nation's most important legislation since the war, the Employment Act of 1946, obligating the government to ensure full employment. I am reminded of a remarkable speech at the beginning of the Manpower Development and Training Act program by the then Secretary of Labor, Arthur Goldberg, in which he envisioned this first great manpower measure of the postwar period as helping to enable the young "to have *a future by design*, not chance." Goldberg was fired with the conviction that government planning must modify the fortuitous cruelties of the labor market. Today, Theobald's demand for the negative income tax and the guaranteed income sounds extreme, but in fact we are already

approaching them as manpower policies become more rationalized. The report of the President's National Commission on Technology, Automation and Economic Progress similarly calls for government jobs for all employables via public works whenever the private sector does not suffice. Perhaps now, twenty years after its passage, the nation finally is readying itself to fulfill the pledge of the Employment Act.

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Fact of the Matter

VIRGILIA PETERSON

THE FIXER, by Bernard Malamud. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.75.*

BLOOD ACCUSATION: THE STRANGE HISTORY OF THE BEILISS CASE, by Maurice Samuel. *Knopf. $5.95.*

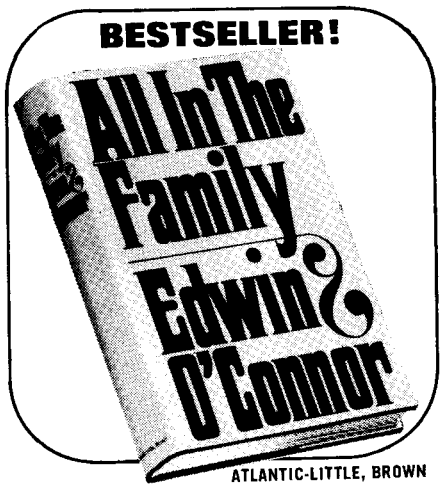
For their latest books, Bernard Malamud and Maurice Samuel have chosen, unbeknown to each other, the same all but forgotten episode of early twentieth-century history. Their subject is an injustice so blatant that had it not been wicked, it would have been absurd. The two writers agree about its wickedness and its absurdity. But while Mr. Samuel, in his documented presentation of the case, stands on the outside looking in, Mr. Malamud, in his fictional version, stands on the inside looking out. The two books could therefore scarcely be more different.

THE SCANDAL with which *Blood Accusation* and *The Fixer* are concerned took place in Tsarist Russia some fifteen years after the legendary Dreyfus affair. It began with the murder on March 12, 1911, in a poor suburb of the town of Kiev, of a thirteen-year-old schoolboy. His body, found eight days later in a cave near the local brickworks, had been stabbed forty-seven times and bled white. At the funeral, leaflets were handed out, accusing the Jews of having killed the boy to obtain his Christian blood to mix in their Passover matzos. Four months later the police arrested a Jewish employee of the brickworks, Mendel Beiliss, the father of five children, and imprisoned him as the prime suspect of the alleged ritual murder. It took two and a half years for the Kiev court, aided by a battery of police and detectives, spies and counterspies, lawyers and magistrates, and backed by the Minister of Justice in St. Petersburg and Tsar Nicholas himself, to build a strong enough case against Beiliss to prosecute him. Beiliss, like Dreyfus, was framed. Yet the prosecution, despite a packed jury and despite the prevailing anti-Semitism, could not make the charge stick. In the end, Beiliss was acquitted. This is the armature on which Maurice Samuel and Bernard Malamud have erected their respective monuments to a case that for a brief time rocked not only Russia but the whole western world.

Blood Accusation is the story of how and why the murder was pinned on Mendel Beiliss. It accounts in detail for the many people involved in the case, it gives both the evidence furnished at the time and the further evidence revealed in examination of the case after the fall of the Tsarist régime, and it describes step by step what went on at the trial. As Mr. Samuel says himself, Mendel Beiliss, the man at the center of the storm, almost vanishes from sight. For the purposes of the historian, Beiliss is more peg than man; for the purposes of the novelist, however, it is the man that counts. To Mr. Malamud, the case is no more than a springboard from which to plunge into the nature of injustice and its effect on its victim. The man dominates *The Fixer* from first page to last.

MR. SAMUEL sees the Beiliss case as a forerunner of all the injustices that have so deeply scarred the face of our century. To him it represents the first sign of the demise of morality in government. While other historians might wish to dispute the claim, quoted by Mr. Samuel in his book, that such a scandal could not have occurred fifteen years earlier in a Russian court of law, none would dispute that in this particular case justice did not even come into question. Justice was not, however, what the authorities were after. At the time of the murder, the throne was already shaky. Officialdom saw the writing on the wall. Something drastic was needed to deflect the widespread unrest and unite the nation behind the régime.

The answer was to turn attention to the Jews. In such a stronghold of anti-Semitism as Kiev, it would be easy to inflame the



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Acrostician—

THOR HEYERDAHL

The Reporter Puzzle No. 156 will appear in the next issue (November 3, 1966)

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public with the myth of ritual murder. Who could prove or disprove it? The police and the lawyers knew that the schoolboy had been killed by a dissolute woman together with the gang of thieves for whom she had long served as a fence, but they concealed their knowledge, protected the woman and her accomplices, and buried the evidence in their files. The murderer had to be a Jew, so Mendel Beiliss, because he happened to live near the site of the murder and happened to have the name he had, became the scapegoat.

Seldom in the history of trials has there been such a fiasco as the prosecution of Beiliss. The carefully coached witnesses against him fell apart on the stand. The trial lasted nearly a month. The prosecuting lawyers and the judge talked for as much as seven hours at a time. But the handpicked jurors, several of whom were illiterate peasants and seven of whom belonged to an anti-Semitic organization, pronounced Beiliss not guilty. To his accusers, however, this verdict was unimportant. The verdict they sought they won. To a question carrying some implication of ritual murder, the jury brought back the answer "Yes, it has been proved." So the blood accusation stuck. The forces of reaction had, after all, a triumph. It is this point that Maurice Samuel seeks to drive home to our post-Nazi complacency.

LITTLE IS KNOWN about what happened to Mendel Beiliss after the trial, except that in 1925, only a little less obscure by then than when his life began, he published an "as told to" story of his sufferings in a Yiddish paper in New York. But his brush with history was enough to enkindle the imagination of Bernard Malamud. *The Fixer* is a novel about the kind of man Mendel Beiliss might have been, but it is not about Beiliss himself. Mr. Malamud calls his protagonist Jakov Bok. Not only in name but in circumstance, in behavior, in his encounters with purely imaginary characters introduced by Malamud out of the internal necessity of the story, Jakov takes on a life of his own.

As the story begins, Jakov has just decided to leave home. Some time before, his wife, who was barren, had disappeared with another man. Besides himself, he has only a cow to look after. The repair jobs—the fixing of anything that needs to be fixed—on which he depends for a free bowl of soup in one house or another in the little Jewish village, the *shtetl*, where he lives, have been falling off. He is often hungry. So the time has come to admit that he

has had enough of penury, enough of the piety around him that he does not share, enough of a life which, from his occasional reading, he knows is less cramped elsewhere. Now, he will stretch his horizon all the way to Kiev, a distance of some thirty versts, and perhaps—who knows—even beyond Kiev to America, God knows how many versts from there. He gives his cow to his father-in-law, the pious peddler, in exchange for an old horse and wagon, and drives away from the *shtetl* for good. But in Kiev he soon finds that the horizon is as confining as at home. Jobs and bowls of soup are just as hard to come by. His hopes dwindle. He has lost them altogether when, all at once and quite by accident, there occurs one night on an icy street the incident that betrays him into hoping again.

Trudging along in the darkness, he suddenly comes upon a fat man lying on the pavement in a drunken stupor. As he bends over to look more closely, he sees on the man's coat the badge of the Black Hundreds, which proclaims that its owner hates the Jews. Jakov turns away to leave him when suddenly the man's lame daughter appears. She cannot move her father by herself. Jakov helps her to drag him home. The next day he returns in the hope of a gratuity. When the rich fat man asks his name, he lies to hide the fact that he is a Jew. The girl feeds him and tries to seduce him. Her father, satisfied with the work Jakov does for him in the house, offers him a steady supervisory job and a room of his own at the brickworks. Jakov knows that the brickworks lies outside the town's Jewish settlement and hence that it is forbidden for a Jew to live there without special permission, but he dares not tell that he is a Jew. The temptation to sleep warmly and eat well is too much for him. Thus he walks into the trap. The body of the story comprises his arrest for the ritual murder of the schoolboy and the two and a half terrible years he spends in jail.

Alas that it should be so, but Jakov's sufferings in prison soon grow monotonous, despite all the skill and the banked passion with which Mr. Malamud describes them. There are too many bugs, too many pails of excrement, too much cold and heat, too many kicks and tortures, too much cruelty and too much pain. After a while they blunt the sensibilities. There is nothing for either Jakov or the reader to hope for but the start of the trial. And when at last the day of the trial comes and Jakov is driven through the thronged streets to the courthouse, the author leaves him. He ends the book with Jakov's fate undecided and Jakov's long struggle to maintain his innocence unresolved.

THERE IS no doubt that *The Fixer*, as a study of man against fate, has literary distinction. However, of the two books about the Beiliss case, anyone who wants to understand its full implications would do better to read *Blood Accusation*. It does not pretend to be literature. But it proves, in this instance at least, that between fact and even the most loftily conceived fictional version, fact has the edge.

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Cats And Casseroles

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

EARTHLY PARADISE. Colette's autobiography, drawn from the writings of her lifetime, by Robert Phelps. Translated from the French by Herma Briffault, Derek Coltman, and others. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $6.95.*

THE DELIGHTS OF GROWING OLD, by Maurice Goudeket. Translated from the French by Patrick O'Brian. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.50.*

One of the easiest writers in the world to read, Colette is one of the hardest to write about. Perhaps this is because her means are so deceptively, so maddeningly simple. She herself, after using the word "masterpiece" to describe a friend's triumphant beef casserole—at once gratifying to the eye, the nostrils, and the palate—asked the cook what she had put into it and received the reply: "Beef." That is the kind of masterpiece Colette turned out in abundance from 1900, when *Claudine à l'école* was published, until her death in 1954.

This is why, despite the fifteen volumes of her collected works, the bibliography of books and articles devoted to her is so much smaller than the list attached to any of the four other great names of the fabulous French generation to which she belonged: Claudel, Gide, Valéry, and Proust.

We know that she invariably wrote on blue paper and in ink, but that knowledge tells us less about her work than we know about Mme. Yvon's casserole, for Colette, after all, saw and savored that dish and immortalized for us its tawny hue, its heady aroma, and its satisfying taste. "*Regarde!*" she insistently tells us, for during her eighty-one years she never ceased vibrating the multiple antennae of her senses. A highly developed awareness characterized every instant of her full life, from her birth in the village of Saint-Sauveur-en-Puisaye in 1873 to her death and state funeral in the glorious Palais-Royal of Paris.

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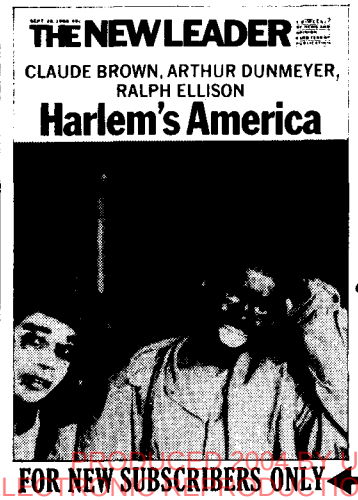

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her many writings—a true florilegium appropriately decorated on the title page with an overflowing tub of varied flowers—we watch entranced as Colette watches the nature around her. But she herself has none of the intellectual's ingrown tendency, which tormented Paul Valéry, to see herself seeing herself. Indeed, it is almost never herself that she sees. When she does slip insensibly into viewing herself, she sees herself as a dog or as a cat; when at the age of forty she gives birth to a daughter, for instance, she is "struck by the recollection that intelligent cats are usually bad mothers, sinning by inadvertence or by excess of zeal, constantly moving their kittens from place to place, holding them by the nape of the neck, pinched between their teeth, hesitating where to deposit them. What a comfortable nest that sagging seat of an armchair! However, less so than under the down quilt, perhaps? But surely the acme of comfort would be the second drawer of the commode?" The identification is complete, to the point that one forgets Colette the writer and her offspring to pace the house nervously with the cat dangling her kitten in her teeth.

From page to page, we share her sensitive exultation in the changing seasons, her throbbing evocations of childhood, whether her own or someone else's, her affectionate reverence for her stalwart mother, her almost animal relationship to her father and the rest of the litter. The same gift for earthy identification provides unforgettable pages about quadrupeds, birds, and butterflies observed as only the bright-eyed little girl of Saint-Sauveur could observe them in her mother's garden. What could be better pedagogy than her paragraph about a willful child's touching a butterfly, which ends: "A trace of lifeless ash on the tip of my finger, the wing dishonored, the tiny creature weakened."

DOUBTLESS the same gift for putting herself in the place of others explains her acute observations of effeminate men and masculine women; her telling notations, when she was acting on tour in the provinces, about her fellow actors seen at close range in their shabby parts and palmy squabbles; her stunningly true re-creation of the gigolo Chéri, kept by doting older women. Without that combined observation and identification she could never have written her indispensable sketches, which have long served as an adjunct to literary history, of such friends as Proust, Marcel Schwob, Sarah Bernhardt, Jean Cocteau, and Claude Debussy.

"I did not want to write," she once noted. "Yet my life has been spent in writing. Born into a family without wealth, I had learned no profession or craft. I knew how to climb, how to whistle and run—gifts useful to a squirrel or bird or doe. The day when necessity placed a pen in my hand and I was given a little money in exchange for the pages I had written, I realized that every day of my life I would have to write, slowly, submissively, patiently, would have to match the sound to the word, would have to rise early by preference and go to

bed late by necessity." But she possessed the instinct of a writer as surely as Cézanne had that of the painter. "Just separate brush strokes and splashes of color," she later advised the actress Marguerite Moreno, who was trying to write without that instinct. Her own sure sense of the splash of color, of the *mot juste,* derived directly from her unerring *vision juste.* How else could she have ticked off so succinctly "the dark wrinkled faces of the pansies" or "the low wall embroidered with snails" or the "hairy gooseberries"? When she saw Marcel Proust again in his last days, she spoke of "the sooty telltale traces that an absent-minded malady had smeared haphazardly across his face." Like Proust, than whom Colette is no less great in her special way, she early recognized that style is not a matter of technique but of vision.

" 'The cat has caught a green lizard! She's caught a green lizard in the vines. Everyone come and look!' Can one say that she had caught it? The cat was lying on the ground. Suddenly, she turned into a dragon, into a flame, into a flying fish, and under her belly, between her silver paws, I saw a green lizard appear as though she had just that moment invented it." If any other writer but Colette can match those lines for dazzling speed and absolute veracity, he belongs indeed among the greatest.

POOR Maurice Goudeket will go down in history as Colette's last husband. At the moment he is suffering for it, as his little book about the joy of aging is inevitably reviewed in conjunction with *Earthly Paradise,* the synthetic but satisfying autobiography of Colette. But in my generation we all married Colette. That is, if we had any sense.

By now, however, enough time has passed so that I can forgive Goudeket for being the only one still among us to have really married Colette, to have shared in intimacy that special spirit. His own book reveals, in fact, as did his earlier *Close to Colette,* that he actually deserved to marry her and comfort her last years, for he possesses much of the same spirit as she. His childhood vision of the "cocotte" across the way (which can only remind us of the young Marcel spying on the Duchesse de Guermantes from some hidden vantage point) is as vivid as Colette's might have been: "The feathers of her boa tremble in the spring breeze. She has an immense hat on her head and a light-colored parasol in her hand: I am already conscious of the dancing grace of her walk. She gets in, the carriage sets off, and I gaze after her as long as I can, listening to the clip-clop of the horse's hoofs dying away in the distance."

I can even forgive Goudeket for having married someone else after Colette's death. He had a vocation for marriage and he couldn't spend all his time guarding the documents left behind by Colette. I can go so far through sheer magnanimity as to forgive his translator, because of the excellence of his work, for not knowing how to spell his own name. Did not Proust write: "The mere fact that someone has the same name as you without belonging to your family is a sufficient reason for scorning him"?

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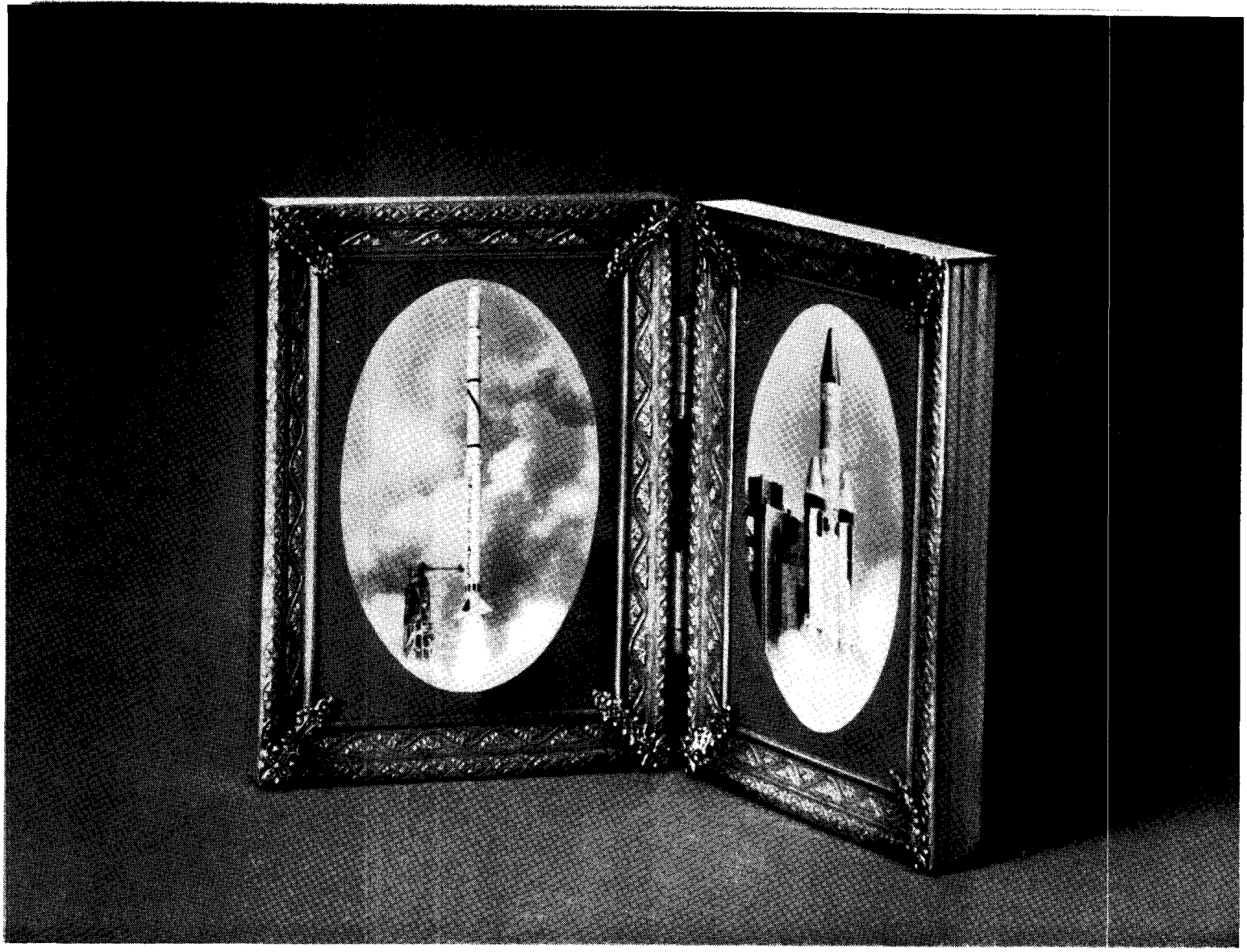

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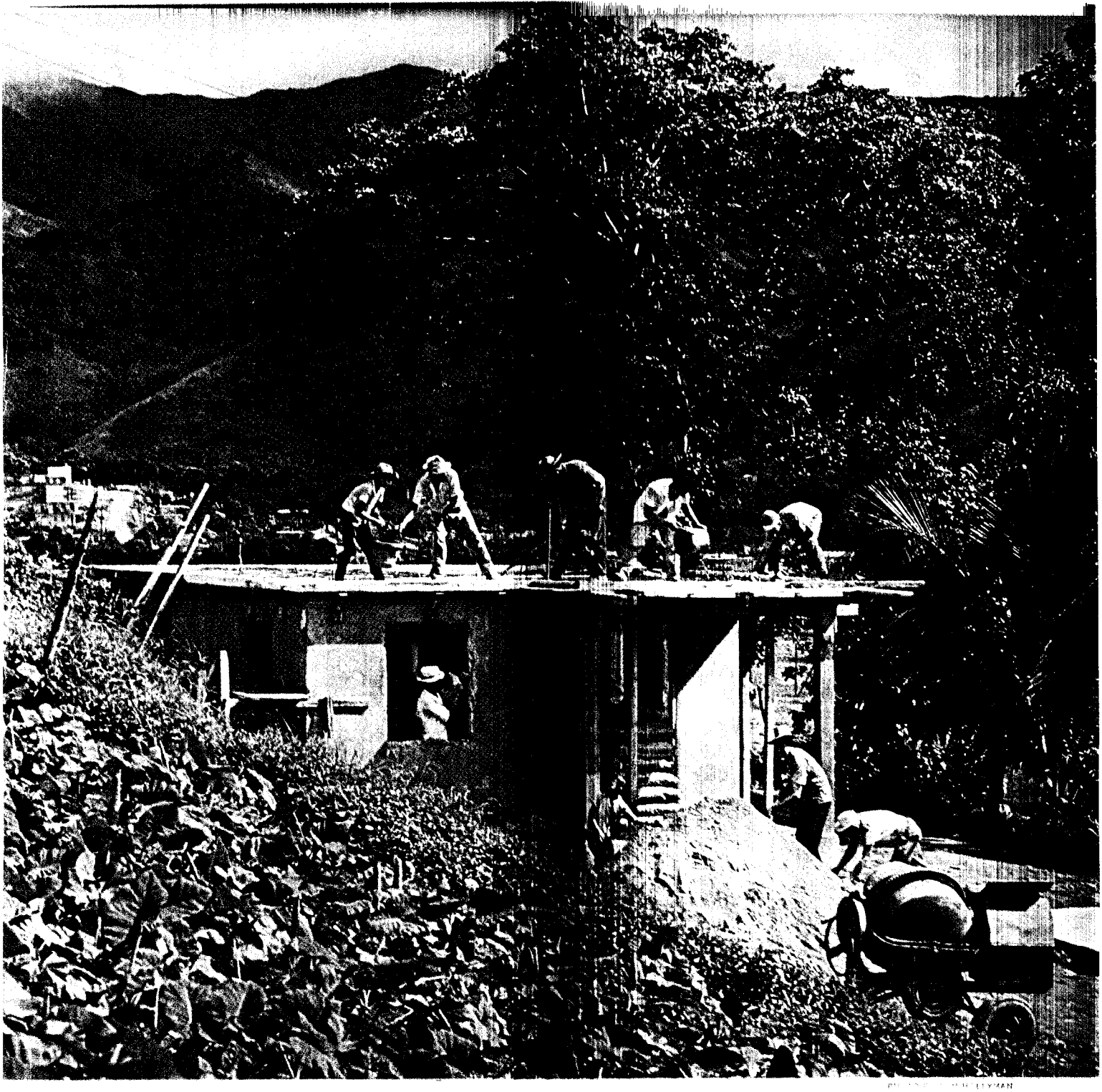

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Quite a bargain—since each house costs only $450 under the self-help housing program run by the Commonwealth government. The government supplies materials and supervision; the villagers supply free labor.

To date, 30,000 of these self-help homes have been put up in Puerto Rico. The project has become a model for new nations in Africa and Asia.

Housing is a problem close to their hearts—and Puerto Rico's solution is close to their purse strings. Last year alone, more than 500 officials and administrators visited the Commonwealth to study its self-help housing program.

Projects like this have made Puerto Rico what some people call a "showcase to the new nations." But Juan Marzan never thinks of himself as an exhibit in a showcase.

He's too busy adding the essential ingredient: an aching back.

Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT ADMINISTRATION
666 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019

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"The auction at Sotheby's, then Fortnum and Mason's for lunch. A visit to the Tate Gallery this afternoon, followed by a tour of the West End. Simpson's for dinner and the late floorshow at Churchill's. Very good, sir."

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